

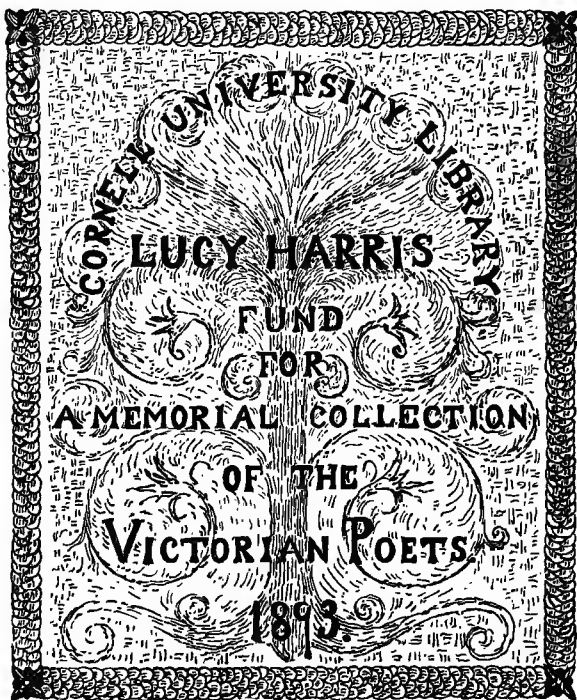
OUR GLORY ROLL

AND

NATIONAL POEMS

BY

W.C. BENNETT.



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Our glory-roll, and other national poems



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OUR GLORY-ROLL,

AND OTHER

National Poems.

BY

W. C. BENNETT.

"A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States."—*Macaulay's History of England*.

"Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past."—*Tennyson*.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

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A.272733

Dedication.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., D.C.L., &c.,

STATESMAN, ORATOR, AND POET,

WHOSE NAME IS ALREADY WRITTEN ON

“OUR GLORY-ROLL,”

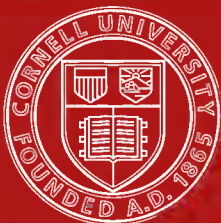
AND IN THE HEARTS OF ENGLISHMEN,

I DEDICATE

THIS ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE GLORIES OF OUR HISTORY

“HOUSEHOLD WORDS”

ON THE LIPS OF THE PEOPLE.



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P R E F A C E .

FRAGMENTS of " Our Glory-Roll " and of " The Fall of Harald Hardrada " appeared in the Collected Edition of my Poems published by Messrs. Routledge in their Series of the Poets.

They now appear complete for the first time.

Of the remaining poems in the volume, the attempt to complete Lord Macaulay's famous lines " The Armada," and " Old Benbow " and " The False Alarm " are here first printed.

BLACKHEATH, *Dec.*, 1866.

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O my land, mother land,
How our hearts within us yearn
To you !
How our hearts within us burn
Your mighty love to earn,
And some deed, with head or hand,
That shall make you yet more grand,
O my land,
In our turn,
To do !

O my land, mighty land,
How your past's great thousand years,
For you,
Have won, 'mid toils and tears,
From dangers, joys and fears,
A rule to your great hand
That the deeds must make more grand,
O my land,
That our years
Must do.

O my land, glorious land,
Who, to glory, is as dear
As you !
Not for us is it to hear
That your present has a peer ;

'Tis for us to make you stand
High in glory, sole and grand,
O my land,
Your work here,
To do.

O my land, chainless land,
Freedom laughs her strength to see
In you ;
To the nations, chained and free,
She gives you, their hope, to be ;
Stronger, in her strength, to stand,
Be it yours ! that work, your hand,
O my land,
For the free
May do.

O my land, my own land,
 O let right still be strong
 In you !
 To you God bids belong
 Might supreme, that the wrong
 That would trample earth, your hand
 For the weak may still withstand ;
 O my land,
 Right thou'rt strong
 To do.

O my land, my own land,
 Do the nations, scorning say,
 From you,
 Rule and might even to-day
 From your grasp shall pass away !

Fools ! to you shall God's right hand

Still give lordship and command ;

Who, my land,

Your decay

Shall view !

O my land, peerless land,

Time, to you, nor shame nor scorn,

Shall do.

Still to you are great souls born,

From whom life must first be torn

Ere a foe wrench from your hand

Right or sway that makes you grand ;

Sweet, my land,

Were death, borne

For you.

O my land, my own land,
 Earth is great with nations sown
 By you ;
 Earth is girt by you alone
 With free rules that proudly own
 You their mother, that would stand,
 Were there strife, at your right hand,
 Your will, land,
 That alone,
 To do.

O my land, mightiest land,
 As it has been, it shall be
 With you ;
 Still all coming time shall see
 Your great brood but wax more free;

Yet, still mightier, shall you stand
Through the future, yet more grand,
To God, land,
If you be
Still true.



OUR GLORY-ROLL.

O MY land, thou land of heroes ! through my thoughts what glories pour,
As thy mighty past to memory tells thy roll of glory o'er,
As it numbers up in trumpet-tones thy hosts of mighty names,
All the deathless deeds with which thy brood have matched the ancient
fames !

Saints and heroes ! mighty mother, well exultant may'st thou be,
As thou think'st of all the great ones all thy years have borne to thee !
Saints and heroes ! each a glory, still creative, still to last,
Still to throng thy mightier future with the grandeurs of thy past,

Still to haunt thy countless children with the ghosts of wonders done,
Till with deeds that match their fathers', each shall prove himself their son.
Saints and heroes ! who may name all who have toiled and thought and
bled

For thy sake, since, from thy fierce ones, Rome and Cæsar almost fled,
Since, but dim-seen through thy long-past, with thine Arthur, knight on
knight,

All the might of all thy Table Round streamed on through Badon's fight,
Since from his freed Saxon England, mightiest in his mightiest reign,
Thy great Alfred's dragons swept the sea, and hurled to hell the Dane,
Since thy Harold to Hardrada gave seven feet of English shore,
Since his Saxon blood made Hastings' hills holy for evermore.

Thine were they, the great of heart of old, who dared draw freemen's
breath,

Though it could be only drawn by them within the grasp of death ;
So lived he, thy Saxon Hereward, in life, in death, still free.
So lived they, green Sherwood's outlaws bold, so dear to song and thee.

So thy mighty will, "live free! die free!" thy Wallace dared to learn,
And thy Bruce and Douglas rung it down to us from Bannockburn.
Praise to them, our Norman fathers, whose mailed gauntlets rent away
From the despot's grasp at Runnymede the rights we hold to-day,
To De Montfort, thy "Great Baron!" he whose strong arm planted deep
First our rightful power to rule ourselves, the power that still we keep.
Nor, if they blindly strove for wrong, name we with aught but pride
Strong à Becket and proud Wolsey, who for thy sake strove and died;
Nor forget we those, thy glory in the old and stormy years,
Those of Ascalon and Agincourt, of Crecy and Poitiers.
From thy lion-hearted Richard to thy Edwards, peerless two,
Who, with Manny and with Chandos, showed what thine could dare and do,
From thy Talbot, France's terror, and thy Hal, who smote her down,
To each bowman and each billman good, who struck for thy renown.
Cold is his heart who even to-day without a throb can be
For these, his fearless fathers, still the boast of fame and thee.

Yet saintlier laurels have been won by these, thy mighty brood,

And holier glories than are reaped in fiercest fields of blood.
Thy martyrs, who shall count them, who, for God and conscience' sake,
Have, dauntless, faced the screw and rack, and smiled upon the stake,
Through the dungeon and the torture, on to death and heaven have trod,
Caught, like the prophet rapt of old in fire right up to God !
Thine is the still sweet savour of thy Latimer's blessed name,
Thine thy Hooper's saintly glory and thy white-haired Ridley's fame.
For God and holiest truth and thee, thou saw'st thy Cranmer stand
Calm 'mid the flames, while in the fire blackened his thrust-out hand.
And thine were all of whom to tell the tongue of History tires,
The souls, to live on high, who died on earth in Smithfield's fires.
Their pains are past ; their trials here, their bliss hath all forgot,
Yet fettered be the faith they freed, when we tell of them not !

O days, o'erfilled with thought and deed ! O days of high emprise,
That, from our Lion-Queen's great reign, flash on our dazzled eyes,
Who can, in tones that fitly tell their greatness, utter o'er
The names that were earth's wonders then, and shall be evermore !

One then, O mother-land, was thine, still peerless and alone,
Thy Shakespeare, greatest gift that God has given His earth to own,
Whose equal Time shall never see, as it has never seen,
Sun in the heavens of glory, sole to be, as he has been ;
And thine, old land, were then the stars his light alone could dim,
Thy Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, all who only pale by him ;
Thy Bacon, lord of thought, who saw, with all-beholding eyes,
The ways where wisdom always dwells, and bared them to the wise,
Thy Burleigh and thy Walsingham, thy Sydney and De Vere,
Who gave thee might and conquest then, to all thy foes a fear.
Then didst thou send thy sea-hearts forth, dreadless, afar to gain
Knowledge and spoils and lands for thee, despite of hell and Spain.
For thee, thy Drake dared gird the earth, God and his heart his guide,
For thee thy Raleigh wrote and bled, thy Grenville dauntless died.
Thy Hawkins and thy Frobisher and Cavendish, for thee
Brought wounds and gold and galleons back from every unknown sea.
For thee, no fear of pike or shot, or storm or odds, they knew,
Winning from death Panama's bars, the ingots of Peru.

For thee thy countless ocean-kings hung on the Great Fleet's track,
Till the Invincible, aghast, fled, foiled and shattered, back ;
Till these, thy Vikings, with red hands, gave, for all time, to thee
Unfettered faith and thy proud right to rule on every sea.
O mighty Tudor times ! O souls and deeds of greatness ! well,
Old land, may'st thou still, with proud eyes, of these unto us tell.

Nor need'st thou lower for after-deeds, O land, thy mighty voice,
Nor bid us less, in later fames, to evermore rejoice,
To reverence those to whose free tongues and hearts and hands we know,
Our priceless power to live this hour self-ruled and free, we owe.
Who knows them not ? who needs this hour their great names to be told
Who from the paltering Stuarts wrung the rights to-day we hold ?
No blood of thine is that, old land, which does not kindle high
At thought of those who, for thy sake and freedom's, smiled to die,
Who, by slit nose and grubbed-out ears and branded cheeks, unawed,
Unblenching fronted Strafford's frown, and dared the hate of Laud.
Yes, Star Chambers might torture, and their High Commissions kill,

The tyrant fine and pillory, these stood for thy great rights still,
Stood for them in the evil days when Buckingham had power,
When renegades, like Wentworth and like base Hyde, had their hour,
When cringing things that scoffed at laws, of Eliot's death made sport,
And strove to doom us, like themselves, the gagged slaves of a court,
When Popish prelates, fell as Rome's, the people's laws trod down,
And basely would have bound us serfs to priests and to the crown,
Then, England, in thy darkest hour, when men's hearts well might fear,
When thy black night grew but more black, nor hope of day seemed near,
Then how they rose, rose up, all thine, through evil as through good,
Then, for thy great free life and ours, thy Pym and Hampden stood,
Then their strong cry for thy old laws through all the hushed land rang,
And armed and stern, thy roused-up sons to guard their birthright sprang,
And when the tyrant loosed at last his hell-hounds on their prey,
And through thy ways his cry went forth to plunder, bind, and slay,
Then with lit eye, thou well might'st see how gathered to thy side
The stern ones who on Marston Moor broke fiery Rupert's pride,
Whom Naseby's day and Worcester's fray, thy conquering soldiers saw,

Who fought thy fight at red Dunbar, Wexford, and Philiphaugh,
Thy Roundhead ranks, thy Ironsides, who down the scoffers trod
On many a field of blood for thee, for law and right and God.
Then towered aloft thy Cromwell, thine, who knew thy word alone,
Thine and his God's, and in that strength brake down the tyrant's throne.
Then through the battle-smoke of days, thy Blake thou smil'dst to see
Shatter the vaunting Dutchman's pride and give renown to thee.
No nobler hearts, no dearer names than these, old land, hast thou ;
Dear were they to thee while they breathed ; dear are they to us now.
When dear they are not, then thy end, old land, shall not be far ;
Thy glory too shall die with theirs who made us what we are.

Nor in thy lowest depths of shame, thy sorest of mischance,
When thy lewd basest Stuart sold, for gold, thy power to France,
When mistresses misruled thy state and bastards were thy peers, *
When thou wert fallen to be the spoil of corsairs of Algiers,
When bloody Claverhouse dragooned thy servants of the Lord,
And preached the faith of Laud again with thumbscrew, boot, and sword,

When from thy once unfearing homes, the heart seemed to have fled,
And bann'd and gagged, reviled and scorn'd, even hope in thee seemed
dead,

Even then, in that dark evil hour, in that thrice-cursèd reign,
For testifiers for thy right thou didst not ask in vain ;
From stern and plain God-fearing men, who feared none else, came forth
A cry unto the heavens for thee, from out the blood-soaked North ;
And in thy London, freedom's home, beneath thy tyrant's eye,
Rose some to dare the strife for thee, for thee content to die.
When thou dost count thy martyrs o'er, thou dost remember well
How Russell on the scaffold bled, how murdered Sydney fell ;
But their blood sank not in the earth ; its cry was never dumb,
Until thy day of vengeance full, till freedom's hour was come.
Thy time of torture and disgrace yet longer might endure,
Thy Romish Stuart, worst and last, might drench with blood Sedgemoor ;
Might gloat while drunken Jeffreys joyed to do his bloody work,
Might give thy daughters to the will of the foul Lambs of Kirke,
Their curses and our endless hate, by hell's own deeds might earn,

c

As merciless to all as when his foot could Monmouth spurn :
But still the cry of righteous blood unto the heavens went up ;
God, in his time, to the accurst dealt out their own red cup,
Gave them to taste, when thou didst arm and William's Dutchmen came,
Their victims' portion, hate and scorn and exile, want and shame,
Gave the dark evil soul of James in his grey age to feel
Such bitterness as his own hand had dealt to Alice Lisle ;
Gave him and his sons' sons to know what they he'd exiled felt,
Their tools to kneel on scaffolds where his victims once had knelt,
Till the Boyne and red Culloden all their savage clans clove down
And made us freemen, nevermore to dread a Stuart's frown,
No more, for all our fathers won, to battle, or to be,
Save what we are, thanks unto them ! those who can but be free.

And since the evil Stuart days in mercy God bade cease,
Since under kings that rule by law and love, we've dwelt in peace,
What souls have been thine own, to tell of whom thy tongue delights !
What glories have been thine, what deeds, what ever-broadening rights !

What might and thought and wealth and rule, that still know greater growth !
What triumphs still in war and peace ! thou, still the first in both ;
What statesmen, mightier than Greece knew, thou here hast heard at
home,

What orators thine ears have stilled that shamed the tongues of Rome,
Since Somers, pure as wise, for thee in stormiest councils fought,
Since lower-souled, but all thine own, thy Walpole for thee wrought,
Since Chatham's rushing thunders at his foes and thine were hurled,
And, with the bolts of his fierce words, he smote to awe the world,
Since, for thy rule, his mighty will launched Wolfe afar, to wrest
From France's hold, on Abraham's heights, her empire of the West,
Since, eagle-eyed, with fierce delight, he saw thy sway increased,
Where thy young Clive at Plassey grasped for thee the trembling East ;
Thine was the brain that Hastings owned, for widest empire fit,
Thine Pitt's clear thought, and Fox's fire and Sheridan's bright wit,
Thine Grattan's grasp and Curran's strength and Burke, to whom 'twas
known

To soar to heights, unscaled by thought, save in his words alone ;

Thine, too was Canning's airy grace, and thine the living fire
That scorched and seared from Brougham's lips the foes who dared his ire ;
Of later names, why need I tell, of whom renown is loud,
Of living fames that on my thought in world-known greatness crowd !
To-day thy Cobden's love for all, strikes the world's barred ways free,
Thy Bright is thundering for the rights of all who spring from thee ;
Not from thy mighty blood old land thy ancient power has died,
While, great as all thy greatest gone, thy Gladstone is thy pride ;
Nor shall thy glory pale to-day, thy old renown grow dim,
While Chatham's fire and Fox's force and Burke's thought live in him.
Exult, old land, be proud of heart that thou hast these to praise
Who mate thy living glories now with those of ancient days,
Who highest thought and noblest speech from wisdom's lips have caught
Amid the thunders of debate and the fierce clash of thought,
Who with great laws still bless thy sons and make our hours sublime,
And thee amid the nations still the awe and boast of time.

Thine have been war's red triumphs, thine, unnumbered sons whose breath

Was spent to reap renown for thee in fiercest fields of death ;
What conquests and what boasts were thine o'er vaunting Louis, when
Thy Churchill proved how well he'd been the pupil of Turenne,
When Marlborough's hand from the Great King rent rule and power away
At Ramilies and Blenheim, Oudenarde and Malplaquet ;
Still, with quick breath and flushing blood, the conquering tale is read
Of how before him Tallard fell and boastful Villars fled,
How, Wellington of that old time, on many a field of fight,
Before him France's strength went down, her marshals spurred in flight ;
And only unto him, to him, and one yet greater, yield
Thy nearer sons who hurled thy ranks through many a famous field,
From when thy dying Wolfe exulting heard, " The French—they run !"
From when thy boyish Clive won states beneath the Indian sun,
From when Gibraltar fire-girt saw thy Elliott bide the shock
Of empires armed, and fling them back foiled from its unwon rock,
From when upon Corunna's heights thy sons turned in their track,
And with worn ranks, beneath dead Moore, struck their pursuers back,
From when thy Abercrombie's hand at Alexandria tore

From the fierce eagle's clutch the prey the Mameluke dropped before,
Till when, across green Maida's plain, thy bayonets Stuart flung
In answer stern to the vain boasts of Regnier's taunting tongue,
Till when thy Marlborough's greater peer, thy Wellesley, first, away
In the far East, gave to thy flags Argaum and fierce Assaye ;
Till Junot, Marmont, Massena, and Victor he o'erthrew
In fields almost as stern as thine, O world-known Waterloo !
O old Valkyrii, work ye had, ye choosers of the slain,
In all his hundred conquering strifes that freed the fields of Spain ;
Busaco, Talavera, Salamanca, well each name
Thou know'st, old land ; well know'st thou, too, Vittoria's greater fame ;
Oft hast thou told of Graham and Barossa ; oft hast told
How, from red Albuera's ridge, thy ranks, the Frenchmen, rolled,
Through what a fiery breach at last strong Badajos was won,
How grimly St. Sebastian fell, thy prey, to Wellington,
And how he gave our conquering flags at last out to the breeze,
And bade them gaze on France, their spoil, from off the Pyrenees.
In vain against him there did Soult lead on his gleaming lines ;

Through pass and cloud, he hurled them down from Ivantelly's pines,
Till hunted back they turned, and he the strife did not refuse,
And smote them yet again and shamed their eagles at Toulouse ;
But yet by this, thy mightiest son, a mightier foe was seen
When the great Conqueror vainly strove to win thy ridge, St. Jean ;
A sterner strife, a nobler hour, old land, you never knew
Than when you smote Napoleon down, destroyed at Waterloo.

Yet, O ye years that we have seen, ye too our blood could stir
With deeds that show that we, this hour, are all our fathers were ;
No nobler hearts, through Fontenoy or lost Almauza, kept
Their even tread and steady pulse, while down their ranks were swept,
Than those that at Mooltan's far walls with Edwardes did not fail,
Than those that, in Jellalabad, upbore thy flag with Sale,
Than Nott and Pollock, they whose arms retrieved thy shame and rule,
And planted once again, in might, thy standards on Cabul ;
Dear as Cornwallis's to thee, as Peterborough's, dear,
His fame who crushed at Hydrabad its many a fierce Ameer,

Who, counting not the swarming swords whose strokes his weak ranks
thinned,

Unpausing, closed at Meeanee with the wild hosts of Scinde,
He, thy Napier, he of that brood whom glory holds above
All others in our own great days, for ever, in its love ;
Nor when the fiery hosts of Sikhs the Sutlej dared swarm o'er
To know thy might at Aliwal, Moodkee, and Ferozepore,
Didst thou in vain for strong ones ask in that thrice-dangerous hour
To smite them back, and guard unscathed thy glory and thy power ;
Thy Hardinge, Gough and Harry Smith, thy Littler, well they kept
Thy name unshamed, while, victors, through Sobraon's guns they swept ;
And, when against thee yet again in might the smitten rose,
At bloody Chillianwallah and Ramnugger crushed thy foes,
Rolled conquering on through steel and fire, through Gujerat's red roar,
And gave new nations to thy rule and throned thee in Lahore.

And, later still, new triumphs flash fresh glories on our eyes,
And, nearer yet, old land, our day gives thee new fames to prize ;

How ever yet thy mighty blood with fiery gladness thrills
As thou rememberest how thy ranks charged up the Alma's hills,
How, all unsuccoured, with the Turk, thy boldest gathered scars
With Williams, while the Russian hordes rolled from the mounds of Kars,
How thou didst weep proud tears for those who in the deathless ride
Of Balaclava, at thy word, without a murmur, died,
How never yet a fiercer thrill of joy through thy veins ran
Than when thou heard'st thy soldiers' deeds at gory Inkermann ;
Long, through all future coming years, shalt thou delight thy soul
With thoughts of those, thy sons, who won for thee Sebastopol.

But brighter yet shall blaze thine eye and deeper flush thy cheek,
When thou unto thy children shalt of later glories speak,
When thou shalt, wrung with rage and grief and wondering joy tell o'er
Thy wrath and tears and vengeance for the slaughtered of Cawnpore,
Tell how, when, sudden, fierce and fell thy trusted Sepoys rose,
Thy sons, unknowing fear or doubt, unquailing faced their foes,
But knew that they were thine, thy heart and their own hearts but knew,

And, in that dreadest of thine hours, still unto both were true ;
Long unto distant marvelling years shall the proud tale be sung,
How Wilson, Hodson, and thy few to Delhi's hill-tops clung,
Clung, victors over foes, disease and death, with lips all dumb
To murmurs, till their hour of strength and vengeance full, should come,
Till thy own Lawrence, whose strong arm upheld thee there, at last
Thy Nicholson's fierce strength of Sikhs into their weak ranks cast,
And in their might they straight went down and cleansed away thy shame,
And smote and trod on Delhi's hate and gave its homes to flame ;
Then, when thou think'st of all who stood by thee that hour, with those
Who were thy noblest, thou dost tell of Outram, Peel, and Rose,
Of Kavanagh, of Arrah's few, by thousands girt about,
Who paled not, and of grey-haired Clyde who trod the fierce strife out.

But quicker yet, with eager love, at one name thou wilt start
While there shall beat a single throb, old land, within thy heart,
While thou hast one faint gleam of life or memory, to thee,
Greatness and pride, above all pride, thy Havelock shall be ;

Yes, in the weakness of thine age, thy memory must be dim
Ere thou shalt cease, with love how dear, with awe to tell of him,
Tell how, defying foes, disease, and the fierce blasting sun,
He thundered on, through armies crushed, each day a battle won,
Swept, conquering, on, resistless, on, through all that barred his way,
To where the hosts of howling fiends in Lucknow girt their prey,
Then, through the storm of fire, at last fought on to Inglis' side,
And, when thy children all were saved, blessed God and thee, and died.

But nobler crowns than those that earth has wreathed around thy brow,
From every sea that knows thy sails and owns thy rule, hast thou ;
What oceans have not given thee fame, lent to thy heroes, graves,
Thy mighty, caught to them whilst thou didst thunder-calm their waves,
Thy sea-kings who from age to age have shown the heart of Drake,
Have matched the deeds of Frobisher, and lived the days of Blake ;
Through all the centuries, through our veins has leapt the salt sea-spray ;
They who joy not to front the storm, no sons of thine are they ;
Thou, throned upon the subject isles, what triumphs, land, to thee,

What spoils and rules, thy brave have borne from every wind-swept sea !
How have they joyed as through the thundering lines they cleft their way,
As gun to gun, for fiery hours, amid the foe they lay,
As their fierce broadsides, crash on crash, through side and porthole roared,
And shroud and sail and splintering mast went over by the board !
Thunder, thou sea, the mighty fames that made our glory sure,
How Edward smote crushed France at Sluys, and Bedford at Harfleur ;
Fitly, how Spain's Armada came and was not, must be sung,
O Earth, to thee in ocean-bursts by tempests to thee flung.
O savage tongues of storms and seas, wild voices of the deep,
Chant ye the world-known deeds of Blake, ye sang to death's own sleep,
Repeat, with savage love, the days, with you, that Russell knew,
The deeds that Rooke and Shovel dared in ocean's sight to do,
How Anson streamed our conquering flag in triumph round the world,
How Vernon its consuming fire to Darien's winds unfurled,
How through the shoals of Quiberon, through its white breakers' roar,
In storm and fire, our fearless Hawke, brave Conflans, clutched and tore ;
Nor yet forget how, one to ten, bold Benbow struck Du Casse.

Nor how keen Rodney and stout Hood in thunder crushed De Grasse,
How, on that day that brightens still June with its far renown,
Our Howe from many a crashing mast tore the white lilies down.
Still in your dash, O wind-swept waves, these glories England hears,
Still swells to catch St. Vincent's roar and Camperdown's fierce cheers,
Still hearkens, with lit eyes, to all told by the billows' roar
Of Exmouth, Cochrane, and Napier, and fames unnumbered more.

But one great name, O mighty land, dearer than all to thee,
With countless memories to thine ear is thundered by the sea;
No other, with an equal love, can bid thee throb the while
Thou tak'st his to thy mother-heart with all exultant smile;
Unto thy lips, O sceptred land, what other glories are
As dear as his whose broadsides stilled the Nile and Trafalgar,
Who, from a hundred battle-days, for thee, red conquest, tore,
And gave to thee thy ocean-rule and glory evermore ?

These were thy thunderbolts of war that clothed thee in their might,
Robed thee with power and rule that earth might tremble in thy sight,

But when thy days of conquering fields, in goodness, God bade cease,
What great ones have exalted thee with conquests won from peace !
Through God's vast night his countless worlds, as at creation, sang,
Darkness to man, as on that morn when from His hand they sprang ;
Who should His mysteries dare to read ? what thought might dare, through
 • space,

Endless, to tread the deep profound, with Him His ways to trace,
Back from the depths of night to bear the words that should unfold
The laws by which the suns are ruled, by which the worlds are rolled !
Not from swart Egypt's priestly lips, not in the Hebrew flame
Of prophet fire, not from keen Greek, to man that wisdom came ;
Thee, land, He chose out from all lands, His mysteries forth to show,
Thy tongue, to bid the sons of men His wondrousness to know,
Through thee, He spake the words of power that lit the ends of night,
Through Newton's lips, His wisdom came and evermore was light.

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Lowlier than he, and yet how high are other names that earth
Repeats and, telling o'er, recounts thy glory in their birth,

Those who, with Davy, nature's laws have bared to human thought,
Those who, with Dalton, Owen, Smith, her mysteries have taught,
With Harvey, Hunter, Jenner, Bell, have grasped the laws of life,
Armed man that, battling with disease, he conquers in the strife,
With Wheatstone, seized the power that earth, with mortal utterance, girds
And made all space that sundered man, at once repeat his words ;
Rich art thou in the wise who feed the souls of men, no less
Thy wondrous minds have thought and toiled, men's lowlier needs, to bless ;
By Arkwright's breath, the whirling wheels that clothe mankind are driven,
At Wedgwood's word, thy potters' gifts load every wind of heaven ;
To man, the gift of sumless power, thy Watt and Boulton gave,
Made the unmeasured might of steam henceforth our toiling slave ;
Lo, at thy word, from Stephenson, the magic dragons came
And flashed man round the wondering earth, wrapped in their breath of
flame.

Who were thy sons whose mighty souls adored their God in stone ?
With Him to whom they piled their prayers, their memory lives alone.

Their frozen music chants His praise for ever in our sight
From earven shaft and still white aisle where dim day dies to night ;
Their worship lives, thy glory still, though Wykeham's sainted name
Alone has wandered down through time to clothe thee in its fame ;
Yes, nameless they whose holy roofs make Westminster divine,
Who bow our souls in Salisbury's gloom, yet lives their glory thine.
O stony dream Ictinus wrought up the blue Attic air,
Still, still thy white perfection makes the thoughts of centuries fair,
Still is his Florence glorified by Brunelleschi's dome,
Still Michael Angelo's dread thought soars vast o'er prostrate Rome ;
And hast thou one thy lips dare name when men's lips marvelling speak
His fame from whose soul's depths arose that glory of the Greek ?
What fame hast thou to mate with his ? what son, O land, is thine
Who may be breathed, uncrushed, with him, the mighty Florentine ?
One ; when all nations utter these, O mother-land, even then
Thou, thou can'st dare to breathe with theirs the glory of thy Wren ;
Thy swelling heart, even with their fames, his vast renown recalls,
And Pallas' fane, St. Peter's pile but mate with thy St. Paul's.

If less the greatness of thy brood, in kindred arts, is shown,
Yet canst thou call the holiest fame in music, half thine own,
Milton of sound, when Handel's soul to God in thunders soared,
Upon the wings of thy great speech, upmounting, he adored.

If not, from canvasses of thine, faith's visions awe or melt,
Nor to God-babe or Maid Divine, before them, souls have knelt,
The sin and sorrow of the earth, how well thy Hogarth gives !
From Reynolds' hands, for ever fair, how mortal beauty lives !
With matchless truth, thy Wilkie rules our hearts to grief or mirth ;
Thy Gainsborough and thy Turner glorify air, sea and earth ;
Thy Flaxman bids our eyes to see what Homer's darkness saw,
And gods live from thy Gibson's touch, our wonder and our awe.

How many a greatness, all thine own, not yet has crossed my tongue
That might by Glory's own bright lips and thine be fitlier sung,
The sunrise of thy deathless verse that made its morning bright,
Thy Chaucer, whose clear radiance first brake sweetly up the night,

Thy Massinger, Green, Decker, Peele, and Marlowe, all who lit,
With Fletcher, honey-tongued, and Ford, the Mermaid bright with wit ;
Thy Herrick, Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Marvel, and their crew,
Thy nightingales, whose sweetness well their mightier fellows knew ;
And he, thy Dante, who on earth lived for and still with God,
Milton, who here the fields of heaven and hell's red darkness trod ;
To whom, with the dread Florentine, 'twas given in life alone
Alike to see the torturing flames and gaze upon The Throne.
These flash down on us, shining ones that lustrous make thy past,
Nor others dost thou seek in vain, whose light as long shall last ;
See, Christian, through the flood, to the Celestial Gate has striven,
That " tale divine," to our rapt ears, was by thy Bunyan given ;
Those laughs of ringing centuries tell of humour strangely true,
'Tis his, thy Butler's, who, for us, the canting crop-ears drew ;
Ah ! Crusoe's lonely island-life of years, how well we know !
That fiction's moving truth of truth, won life from thy Defoe ;
Thine, too, were Goldsmith's tender thought, and humour dear and whim ;
Thine, he who gentlest Toby drew, and the kind heart of Trim ;

Thine, Richardson and Smollett, Steele and Fielding, fellows fit ;
Thine, Vanbrugh's, Farquhar's dazzling scenes, and Congreve's diamond wit;
Thine was the hand and the fine brain whose quaint and gentle powers,
How tenderly and rarely well, made his " Sir Roger " ours ;
Thine, Dryden's strong resounding lines, and Pope's point, bright and keen ;
Thine, Swift's fierce heart, that madness made so savage, sore, and mean ;
Thine, Young's drear thoughts, and Thomson's verse that rhymes the year
away,

And Ramsay's bonnie lassies' chat, and the dear lines of Gay ;
Thy Cowper's quiet feeling yet our grateful reverence earns ;
Still, on our tongues and in our blood, dance on the songs of Burns ;
Nor later songs and nearer names by thee shall be forgot,
Thy great in verse, and mightier far in prose, thy wizard, Seott.
When to thy Byron's fiery joy of song, wilt thou be cold ?
With blood unstirred, when wilt thou hear thy Campbell's thunder rolled ?
Fair are the dreams unto thine eyes thy Keats for ever brings ;
Sweet are the streams of thoughts divine thy Shelley to thee sings.
Still thy rough Crabbe, thy softer Moore now wake thy sighs or mirth ;

Thy Coleridge still delights thy soul with music not of earth ;
The fiery pulse of thy far youth, does thy great heart desire ?
Thy Lockhart, thy Macaulay thrill thy blood, old land, to fire ;
Christ's tender love for all, thy Hood unto thy heart has taught ;
To nature's worship, nature's calm, thy Wordsworth stills thy thought ;
The wonder of men's living hearts, thy rugged Browning lays
Bare to thy sight, till, bees in glass, they work beneath thy gaze ;
One other name thou too hast now, that fitly may be told
When nations ask thee for a fame to mate thy great of old :
Fellow unto thy greatest gone, old land, hast thou not one,
Glory and joy to thee and thine, thy laurelled Tennyson ?

These built on high thy greatness, land ; shall not that greatness last ?
Shall not thy future teem with souls as matchless as thy past ?
Yes, in thy wondrous years to be, a greatness shall be seen
That dwarfs the triumphs of thy past, thy grandeurs that have been.
Up to hero-height, thy future, all the powers of all, shall school ;
All thy souls shall then be lifted to the greatness of self-rule ;

Then all lives shall live the grandeur of the powers their God has willed,
And the days of all, with blessedness of wisdom, shall be filled ;
Not the few alone, existence, as a treasure, then shall prize ;
All shall grasp the comfort of the rich, the knowledge of the wise.
Thy present, in exulting thought, to Pisgah heights can win
And view the sumless bliss to which thy future enters in ;
Then, not only to the high and few, the crown and palm shall fall,
Then glory and acclaim shall be the heritage of all ;
What harvests of all greatness then within thine isles shall rise !
Shall the young years not be richer than the old beneath thine eyes ?
But not only from thy home-earth, then for thee such harvests are ;
Thou hast girt the world with peoples ; thou hast flung thy seed afar ;
O, thou mother-land of nations, from thy mighty loins have sprung
States, the rulers of the times to be, to rule them in thy tongue ;
Not from these, thy ancient isles, for thee shall spring thy great alone,
But from rules and far dominions that thy mighty hands have sown,
Isles and continents thy conquering sons have swarmed forth and possest,
Planting chainless faith and freedom in the South and mighty West ;

These shall glory to thy great ones to add kindred glories, these
Shall breed heroes thou shalt warm to by the far Australian seas ;
Lo, they gather, these thy nations, from the broad Atlantic's roar,
From the Mexic bay, Vancouver's seas, to the white Arctic shore ;
Young giants, how they laugh aloud to feel their infant strength !
What shall be their awful greatness when their manhood comes at length,
When the trembling rules of Europe shall grow weakness at their word,
And the will that none shall question, from their dread lips shall be heard !
Then their Shakespeares, then their Bacons, then their Miltons that shall be,
They that sun the earth with glory, they shall glories be to thee ;
As the New World's hosts of nations, these shall glorify and guide,
Looking seaward, O my England, how thy heart shall leap with pride !
Not thy past is starred with grandeurs as the centuries that arise ;
Look not back, O mighty mother, forward flash thy hungering eyes ;
Shout aloud for thy great greatness ! are the dawning centuries dumb
Of thy tongue the world's one language, and thy rule supreme to come,
When countless as the sea-sands, as the heaven's bright suns, shall be
The wise and pure and mighty who shall give renown to thee.

THE FALL OF HARALD HARDRADA.

HEAR the fame of Harald the strife-lover !

Hear the fall of Harald of the fair hair !

In his hall the son of Sigurd feasted ;

On the benches lay and drank his war-men.

On the hall-hearth redly blazed the pine logs ;

Fast the horns went round, with ale white-foaming.

Then sang Snorr, the Scald, the Rune-compeller,

The fierce Norse hearts joying with his sagas.

Her maids may whisper and chatter,
But, jest and laugh as they may,
She tries in vain to heed their mirth,
All lost to what they say.

But most she loves to clamber
Up, up the steep winding stair,
To that grey still chamber, when no one,
No voice, and no laugh are there.

Then, then, in that grey still turret,
What sounds in her hushed ears ring !
What scenes of sorrow, and ever one form,
To her eyes, her heart's fears bring !

Look ! now, to her inward vision,
A cloudless sky is given,
A glaring earth, that fiercely glows
To the glow of a glaring heaven.

Blind to all outward seeing,
In thought, she only sees
The stirless shade of the desert palms
That know not of air or breeze.

And the stretch of the blinding desert
Glares redly across her sight,
Still sands that know no motion,
Bathed in eternal light.

Then forms are seen, and horsemen
Upon the hot wastes rise,
The ranks of the worn Crusaders,
They flicker before her eyes.

“Water! O Jesu! water!”
“One drop!” she hears that yell,
As if ’twere Dives, shrieking up
To Lazarus, out from hell.

And one gaunt shape she watches,
Wordless, amid the din,
That onward toils through the molten sands,
To the mocking spring to win.

On the hot sand, who lies dying,
Too weak to scare away
The vulture from his charger's eyes,
He soon the foul bird's prey?

Or, fetlock-deep, their chargers
Are toiling and toiling sore,
While ever some sink 'neath the weary load
They never shall bear more.

A moment, the silence rings with shouts,
And the Arabs' yell she hears,
The Christians' shrieks, and the Paynim's cries,
And the splinter and crash of spears.

Again, and the swarthy Moslem
Are gone, and the host toil by ;
God ! have they left him there alone,
Wounded, unshrived, to die ?

O that her love could bear her,
As swift as her wild fear flies,
To pillow on hers his dying head,
And to bless his dying eyes !

But sometimes the eastmost turret
Gives her brain as weary dreams
Of cities and kiosked gardens,
And fountains and golden streams.

For, ever those gardens tending,
A Christian slave is there,
That the bitter scoff of the Pagan hounds,
Must, smitten and shackled, bear ;

Till the knightly heart is broken,
And the haughty eye grows dim,
And the stately form is bowed and bent,
Till the meanest can scoff at him.

Or, hark ! his haughty spirit,
Unbroken, Mahound has curst,
And spat at the dogs who know not Christ,
And hath dared them to their worst.

And, crouched in that ghastly dungeon,
Where newt and adder crawl,
She sees him, tortured, and crushed, and worn
By misery worse than all.

O terrors ! in shapes, how ghastly,
You scare and affray her eyes !
And hope, no fairer visions,
No sweeter dreams, supplies ?

Yes ; ever the first in glory,
In danger, saved through all,
Joy shows him, Christ's dear soldier,
Not doomed to sink or fall.

And ever the deadly mêlée,
And burning wastes are trod,
Secure, by him she loveth,
Her warrior, loved of God.

And ever, as on he battles
To where Christ's triumphs were,
His thoughts, she knows, are of his Lord,
His Lord alone, and her.

Then sometimes, calmly sinking
In such sweet dreams to rest,
With a yet, yet dearer vision
Her happier eyes are blest.

O joy of joys ecstatic !

A glad cry strikes her dumb

With gladness, calling to her,

“ Come down ! our lord has come ! ”

Then, then, the glorious angels

That guard her, smile and know,

Heaven's blessedness at times is shown

To mortals yet below.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S is a deadly hate,

It dogs her foes down, keen as fate.

And woe to those who the dark Queen scorn :

Better far had they never been born !

Than the Poitevin Queen should have on them frowned,

They'd have better been tracked by a black sleuth-hound.

Be they ever so high who court her frown,

Her Aquitain hate will pull them down.

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Is it peace or is it war gleams towards them ?
Ere the night, the crow shall full be feasted.

Harold comes ; comes fast the son of Godwin ;
To the war-game, rolls the might of England.

Soon on shields and helms shall swords be ringing ;
Soon the axe shall reap the iron war-field.

King of men, he comes his land to buckler,
Godwin's son, the strong in war and council.

Not for sloth didthane and burgher choose him,
Throne him king on high in London's minster.

Not for coward ease did saintly Stigand
Pour upon his head the oil of kingship.

Wise to think for, strong to lead his people,
Comes he, as when Gryffith fell before him.

Range the heroes' benches in Valhalla ;
Brim, with foaming ale and mead, the skull-cups.

On his black steed leaps the fierce Hardrada ;
Round his charger crowd his Earls to council.

" Counsel give me, Tosti. Ye, my court-men,
" Rede me counsel ; counsel good is needed."

Speaks grim Tosti, " Mailless shall we meet them ?
" To our ships well were it that we hied us.

" There is choice to sail or there to bide them ;
" Swift does conquest dog my brother's war-way."

Speaks Hardrada, " Better is my counsel ;
" Summon from our ships, in arms, my bonders.

" On our swiftest horses speed our message ;
" Hard shall be the fray before we lose it.

“ To the breezes, Frirek, give my banner ;

“ Ring my ranks beneath my dread Land-waster.

“ Round my Raven-Standard, sound my war-horns,

“ Blaring through its folds the din of onset.

“ Man to man, around it link the shield-ring ;

“ Plant the spear-rows sharp against the horsemen.”

Rides around his ranks the king of Norway ;

Falls his horse ; quoth he, “ A fall is lucky.”

“ Who fell—blue his kirtle ; gilt his helmet ? ”

“ Norway’s king is he, O son of Godwin.”

“ Stately is he ; kingly looks the hero ;

“ But methinks full sure his luck has left him.”

Forth from England’s ranks a score of horsemen

Ride, their chargers mailed, and mailed their riders.

Near the Northmen's steel array up-reining,
"Where is Tosti?" shouts their kingly leader.

"I am he," quick answer makes the fierce Earl.
"To thee sends thy brother Harold greeting.

"Thine shall be again Northumbria's earldom;
"Thou, his man, shalt rule with him his kingdom."

"Hate and scorn ye proffered me at Yule-tide;
"Changed, methinks, O brother, are thy offers.

"Friendship had ye proffered then, full surely,
"Better had it been this day for England.

"But, if I, forgiving, take thy proffer,
"What giv'st thou to Harald, King of Norway?"

Hollow from the blue helm leaps the answer,
"Gift too will we give unto Hardrada.

“Seven feet of English earth shall his be ;
More, if more be needed by his stature.”

Grimly laugh around the mailèd horsemen,
Fiercely joying in the kingly answer.

But in wrath dark grows the frown of Tosti,
From his lips leap hoarse the words of thunder.

“Then let Harold bounè him for the battle ;
“Never Northman this shall say of Tosti,

“That, with Sigurd’s son, I, warring westward,
“Basely left him, left him for his foemen,

“Fixed am I with him to die with honour,
“Or this land with him to win with glory.”

Back the horsemen ride, oack turns Earl Tosti,
Thoughtfui, to the son of Sigurd, riding.

“ Who was he, to thee who spoke so kingly ? ”

“ Harold was he, Godwin’s son, my brother.”

“ Hadst thou told me, never to his people

“ Back this Harold, England’s king, had ridden.”

“ Peace, to me, and power and rule, he proffered ;

“ On me were his blood, had I betrayed him.

“ Rather would I die by him than slay him,

“ If fate wills by one should fall the other.”

Towards the Northmen, roll the waves of battle ;

Flames the war-song from the son of Sigurd.

“ Forward ! forward ! here no hauberks glisten,

“ But, from swords in strong hands, light is gleaming.

“ Forward ! forward ! here no mail-coat glances,

“ But here beat the fearless hearts of heroes.

“ Skill to-day and courage are our armour ;

“ Eye and hand, instead of steel, shall fend us.”

Round the bristling spear-ring, ride the horsemen ;
Back, the Northmen's shield-wall flings their billows.

Fixed, the stone-walled castle mocks the storm-wind ;
Rock, the Northmen breast the roar of England.

Round they ride, ride round the dread shield-rampart ;
Breach nor break find they within the bulwark.

Horse and horsemen rear against the spear-heads,
From the sharp-set edge of death recoiling.

Fly the English ? breaks the serried shield-row,
On the flyers press the raging Northmen.

Back the foemen come ; the son of Godwin
Hews their way deep through the ranks of Norway.

And the hail of arrows on their bare breasts
Hurtles, in their mailless flesh finds welcome,

With the wild Berserker madness raging,
Through the press of heroes, hews Hardrada.

Hark, on high the dread Valkyrii call him.
In his bare throat, drinks the shaft his life-blood.

Like the tall mast snapped before the storm-wind,
Falls he, like the pine cleft by the woodman.

Never more the strong shall fall before him,
While behind him pours the flood of battle.

Long his Queen shall watching look to westward,
Look across the long waves, for his coming.

Round him fight and fall the heaped-up corpse-ring,
Scorning Harold's proffered peace and mercy.

Falls fierce Tosti, grimly as the bear falls,
Fell, at bay, amid the shouting huntsmen.

Eystein brings in vain his armèd succours :
Worn and wearied, press they from their war-ships,

Through the sultry noontide vainly toiling,
But to higher pile the battle's slaughter.

Falls at last the beacon of the war-field ;
The Land-Waster sinks, the Raven-Standard.

Then again out speaks the son of Godwin,
“ But to slaughter warring heroes, war I.

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“ Plight your troth no more your ocean-riders,
“ Viking-filled, shall come with fire and slaughter.

“ So bear hence your kingly dead, O Olaf,
“ In your long ships, home, O heroes, bear him.

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“And with holy rites, in far-off Norway,
“Tomb him, peaceful after all his battles.”

Forth to seawards sweep the Northmen's galleys,
Bearing home the restful son of Sigurd.

So fell Harald, last of all the Vikings,
Scald, by scalds sung, Harald of the fair hair.

THE WATCH OF THE CRUSADES.

SHE sits in the eastern turret
Of that castle rugged and grey,
And ever her watch is eastward kept,
Till the long day dies away.

Till, behind her, dies the sunset,
And darkness the far view fills
That she looks across, from its English walls
To its circling English hills.

Yet they rise unseen before her,

Those hills of her own green Kert,

For ever a far-off landscape here

Is with her, since first he went ;

Since, the cross on his knightly shoulder,

And his vassals arrayed, O woe !

Lost, and, how long to be lost to her !

Years since, she saw him go.

And ever the eastmost turret

She climbs to, to look in vain

To the turn in the road that must show him first,

When he comes, if he comes again.

And there, from that eastward turret,

Her looks will roam and roam

Down the one grey road, from the broidery raised

That is worked to greet him home.

Her maids may whisper and chatter,
But, jest and laugh as they may,
She tries in vain to heed their mirth,
All lost to what they say.

But most she loves to clamber
Up, up the steep winding stair,
To that grey still chamber, when no one,
No voice, and no laugh are there.

Then, then, in that grey still turret,
What sounds in her hushed ears ring !
What scenes of sorrow, and ever one form,
To her eyes, her heart's fears bring !

Look ! now, to her inward vision,
A cloudless sky is given,
A glaring earth, that fiercely glows
To the glow of a glaring heaven.

Blind to all outward seeing,
In thought, she only sees
The stirless shade of the desert palms
That know not of air or breeze.

And the stretch of the blinding desert
Glares redly across her sight,
Still sands that know no motion,
Bathed in eternal light.

Then forms are seen, and horsemen
Upon the hot wastes rise,
The ranks of the worn Crusaders,
They flicker before her eyes.

“Water! O Jesu! water!”
“One drop!” she hears that yell,
As if ’twere Dives, shrieking up
To Lazarus, out from hell.

And one gaunt shape she watches,
Wordless, amid the din,
That onward toils through the molten sands,
To the mocking spring to win.

On the hot sand, who lies dying,
Too weak to scare away
The vulture from his charger's eyes,
He soon the foul bird's prey?

Or, fetlock-deep, their chargers
Are toiling and toiling sore,
While ever some sink 'neath the weary load
They never shall bear more.

A moment, the silence rings with shouts,
And the Arabs' yell she hears,
The Christians' shrieks, and the Paynim's cries,
And the splinter and crash of spears.

Again, and the swarthy Moslem
Are gone, and the host toil by ;
God ! have they left him there alone,
Wounded, unshrived, to die ?

O that her love could bear her,
As swift as her wild fear flies,
To pillow on hers his dying head,
And to bless his dying eyes !

But sometimes the eastmost turret
Gives her brain as weary dreams
Of cities and kiosked gardens,
And fountains and golden streams.

For, ever those gardens tending,
A Christian slave is there,
That the bitter scoff of the Pagan hounds,
Must, smitten and shackled, bear ;

Till the knightly heart is broken,
And the haughty eye grows dim,
And the stately form is bowed and bent,
Till the meanest can scoff at him.

Or, hark ! his haughty spirit,
Unbroken, Mahound has curst,
And spat at the dogs who know not Christ,
And hath dared them to their worst.

And, crouched in that ghastly dungeon,
Where newt and adder crawl,
She sees him, tortured, and crushed, and worn
By misery worse than all.

O terrors ! in shapes, how ghastly,
You scare and affray her eyes !
And hope, no fairer visions,
No sweeter dreams, supplies ?

Yes ; ever the first in glory,
In danger, saved through all,
Joy shows him, Christ's dear soldier,
Not doomed to sink or fall.

And ever the deadly mêlée,
And burning wastes are trod,
Secure, by him she loveth,
Her warrior, loved of God.

And ever, as on he battles
To where Christ's triumphs were,
His thoughts, she knows, are of his Lord,
His Lord alone, and her.

Then sometimes, calmly sinking
In such sweet dreams to rest,
With a yet, yet dearer vision
Her happier eyes are blest.

O joy of joys ecstatic !

A glad cry strikes her dumb

With gladness, calling to her,

“ Come down ! our lord has come ! ”

Then, then, the glorious angels

That guard her, smile and know,

Heaven's blessedness at times is shown

To mortals yet below.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S VENGEANCE.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S is a deadly hate,

It dogs her foes down, keen as fate.

And woe to those who the dark Queen scorn :

Better far had they never been born !

Than the Poitevin Queen should have on them frowned,

They'd have better been tracked by a black sleuth-hound.

Be they ever so high who court her frown,

Her Aquitain hate will pull them down.

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Be they ever so fair her love who cross,
Let them 'ware of deadly peril and loss.

Let them praise their name-saints, if, in the strife,
They lose all else, and yet 'scape with life.

Woe and woe to Lord Clifford's daughter !
Eleanor's fiercest hate has sought her,

Sought her fiercely and sought her long,
On the false king's leman to wreak her wrong.

A wrong not she will tamely endure,
That the Clifford's blood alone can cure ;

For she of Poitou will wreak on her worse
Than empty scold and womanish curse.

And the parching thirst of the South Queen's rage,
The bowl or the steel shall alone assuage :

The draught from the bowl, or the stab from the steel,
That her own right hand shall give or shall deal ;

The bowl fierce thrust on the trembling hand
Of the white fair thing that can hardly stand ;

The stab that's dealt through the horror flung
To her feet, while her curse in its ears is rung ;

These alone shall assuage her hate ;
One shall be his Rosamond's fate.

Well had the King his treasure concealed ;
Long was she sought through wood and through field.

Long was she sought through road and through way,
Ere that she fell the dark Queen's prey.

For gold, what cannot be bought with gold ?
To the South Queen's ears the secret's told.

Death laughs out in her bitter laugh ;
Vengeance shall not be glutted but half.

Now to her robe let his minion cling !
Not hers the grasp of the doting King.

Now let a voice hiss into her ear,
Not his honied words, but the frenzy of fear !

Now let curses stay her breath
With the anguish of sudden and certain death !

Ho ! ho ! then, Woodstock holds the eyes
That 'witch a king of his smiles and sighs !

A laggard is hate, if flits an hour
Ere Eleanor seeks the Clifford's bower ;

For, warring in Aquitain, far away
Is he to her hate who had barred the way.

And God her soul from His good grace spurn,
If the Clifford have life when the King return.

Gold the clue from her guard has charmed ;
Gold has the minion's guard unarmed.

O but the dark Queen's face was fixed
To the look of hell as the draught she mixed !

And O but hell to her fierce eyes rose,
As from many a dagger the keenest she chose !

Woe, O woe, for the golden-haired,
For whom her king has so softly cared !

Woe, O woe, for the blue soft eyes
That, woe for them ! won a kingly prize !

O woe for the cheek and the lip so red,
That shall whiten so soon to the hue of the dead !

And woe, thrice woe, for the rounded form
That soon not a kiss of its King shall warm !

And woe, thrice woe, for the rose-sweet breath,
So soon to be still'd for ever by death !

The Queen has left her secret room,
And horses are led out by page and groom ;

In the saddle, her men-at-arms, fierce and still,
Sit ready to do her dark, fierce will.

Woe, O woe, to green Woodstock's rose,
If grasped by such rude, wild hands as those

Iron hands, and hearts that, in sooth,
As little know, as their poignards, of ruth ;

Men of Poitou and of Aquitain race,
Keen to read their Southern Queen's face :

Men that on Henry's self had trod
At a flash of her eye or a meaning nod ;

Bloodhounds fell, that she holds in the slip,
Loosed by her frown or the curl of her lip.

Eleanor mounts ; and away and away
They ride through the gloom of the darkening day.

The day is lost in a gusty night,
Such tempest as suits her purpose aright.

And homestead and village, as by they sweep,
Feel a shudder of horror thrill through their sleep.

Hours have come and hours have gone,
But still that terrible hate rides on.

Hours have come and hours have past ;
Hushed Woodstock's streets are reached at last.

Cool and fresh is the midnight breeze
That stirs green Woodstock's sleeping trees ;

Yet little the raging Queen recks now,
That the misty midnight cools her brow ;

She hears not, she, the town's quick stir,
The casements opened to gaze on her.

Death, her thought is of death alone,
Of a white dead face and a last deep groan.

No, not to save broad England's crown,
Would she miss the joy with which she leaps down.

Adown she lights. Lord Christ ! may few
Of earth feel the hate that thrills her through !

O but it gladdens the heart of hell
To feel the fire of a rage so fell !

It nears to one, and before the hour,
The grim Queen's at the Clifford's bower.

O, ere the morning has grown to two,
That hand has a fearful deed to do !

And, ere the morning has passed to three,
Those eyes have a ghastly sight to see.

O fearfulest deed ! and O ghastliest sight !
That best had been hidden in dreariest night !

The guards the door of the bower undo ;
In her hand is the end of the maze's clue ;

With fast-set teeth and a tiger tread,
Swift and softly she tracks the thread.

A dread flits with her across the grass,
And the laurels shiver to feel her pass.

The heart of the maze her stern feet reach,
And a low laugh's laughed that is more than speech.

Dim before her rises the tower
That holds the sweetness of Woodstock's flower :

Rose, how soon with a pitiless scorn,
From its sweet young hold upon life to be torn !

Rosamond stirs in her slumber deep ;
What is the terror that shakes her sleep ?

Rosamond starts from her ghastly dreams ;
What is the sound that to hear she seems ?

Is it the dreamt-of terror that's there ?
Is it a foot on the creaking stair ?

Hark ! she stiffens up white in bed ;
Whom will it bring, that mounting tread ?

Well may the blood to her cold heart start !

Who is it tears her curtains apart ?

She tries to shriek, but her tongue is dumb ;

Woe ! woe ! the meeting, so feared, has come !

“ Mercy !” she reads that gaze aright,

Of the whelpless wolf or the hungered kite.

“ Mercy !” Christ ! in that fierce, quick breath,

Is panted the horror of sure, sharp death !

Out she flings her upon the floor,

As the grim Queen closes the chamber’s door.

Heaped on the trembling floor she lies,

White as the dead ’neath those dreadful eyes.

Eyes that are filled with the fire of hell,

As shiver and shudder her prey’s throes tell.

As over her prey she stands and looks down,
On her who must play with a queen for a crown.

But the game is played, and lost is the stake,
And the winner is here the forfeit to take.

Heaven and hell have heard her vow ;
Heaven and hell know its fell truth now.

What ! and is this the head that would rest
Its golden curls upon Henry's breast !

What ! are these the fingers, slight as a girl's,
The fingers that wound them in Henry's curls !

What ! these are the white, round arms, that could find
No form but a king's round which to wind !

A king's ! and darker, and yet more grim,
Grows the fell Queen's look as she thinks of him.

A king's ! and dread are the words that meet
The aching ears at her ruthless feet.

Curse and scorn, that they quiver to hear,
With a half-dead heart and a sickening fear.

Curses that blast, and withering scorn ;
Jesu ! O had she never been born !

Jesu ! O that the earth would break,
And straight the quick to the dead would take !

“ Up, foul minion ! your foul joy's past ;
“ Hate, and not love, is here at last.

“ What ! you must toy with a crownèd king,
“ With the hand that God saw set on this, this ring !

“ Up ! swore I not that we should meet ?
“ Up ! ere I tread you beneath my feet.

“ Mercy ? No, not in life nor death :

“ The air is hell while it holds your breath.

“ Mercy ? Yes, for body and soul,

“ Such mercy as lurks in this poniard and bowl.

“ Well did you plot my mercy to earn !

“ Rise ! How, minion, your prayers I spurn !

“ Thus I laugh at your vain despair ;

“ Rise, ere I tear you up by the hair.

“ Rise, and shudder ! I, Eleanor, I

“ Hiss in your ears : Arise, and die !”

Up she rises, a ghastly sight ;

O but her lips are cold and white !

O but white is her ghastly cheek !

And O but what horror her fixed eyes speak !

Vacant of sense her glassy stare
On the cup thrust out, and the keen knife bare.

Her stare, that seems not to understand
What glares from each stony, outstretched hand ;

Her stare, that sees all as if it seemed,
As if but a feverish dream it dreamed.

Yet real is the steel and real the draught,
The steel to be felt, or the death to be quaffed.

Real the ghastly hush that she hears,
And the ghastly "Choose!" that thrills through her ears.

Which shall she seize, and which refuse ?
For ever she hears that murderous "Choose!"

"Choose, ere my dagger loose you to tell
"The tale of your cursèd shame to hell!"

Not the stab from her hands ! not a touch from them !

Swift her fingers clutch on the gold cup's stem.

As if life were hateful, at once she drains

The draught, till no fearful drop remains.

As if life were fled from, and death were sweet,

She drinks, and lies at the fierce Queen's feet.

And sharp and shrill is her one wild cry,

" O God, but to see my boys ere I die !

" O Henry ! " and with that name, her breath

Flutters and stills to stirless death.

The deed is done, the deed of hell ;

What the grim Queen feels what tongue may tell !

As she looks a look at the staring clay,

And wordless and frowning turns away.

Yet again she turns and stoops her down,
And darker and feller yet grows her frown.

A fair long tress her dagger has shorn ;
That tress her page to the King has borne.

“ A wifely gift to the Queen’s Lord sent.”

O but the grim King strode his tent,

With a wounded lion’s growl and glare,
As he ground his teeth o’er the pale tress there.

As through his set teeth there raged an oath,
And he plighted again, to the dead, his troth.

And an oath of vengeance he fiercely swore
To the white cold one he should see no more.

Well for you is it, darksome Queen,
The ocean rolls you and your Lord between !

Else small his mercy, and short the shrift
Of her who her hand 'gainst the Clifford dared lift.

Yet better were that than your fearsome doom,
That gives you, Queen, to a living tomb,

That gives your fierce life, day by day,
In a dungeon's darkness to chafe away,

To chafe and to rage, and to vainly tear
At the grate that bars you from light and air,

Your rage or your patience to him the same
To whom your token of vengeance came.

Till your blood grow tame and your fierce heart feel
For pardon it well could grovel and kneel.

For the feel of the breeze and the warm free sun,
It could half wish its vengeful deed undone.

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In Godstowe nunnery's shadowy gloom,
Was "Rosa Mundi" carved on a tomb,

And the tomb's sides white fair roses crept up,
Cunningly twined round a carven cup.

Prayed for with mass and with holy prayer,
Chant and hymn, the Clifford lay there.

Still and carven in fair white stone,
She lay in the quiet choir alone,

Till Lincoln's bishop, Hugh, passed that way,
And enter'd the holy choir to pray,

And seeing that tomb, more fair than all,
With its lights of wax and its silken pall,

And learning there Henry's light love lay,
Commanded straight she be borne away,

Holding her pomp the Church's disgrace,
Spurning her sin from its resting-place.

Now Mary Mother more mercy show,
Than living, or dead, she knew below !

Now God from her soul assoil all sin,
And give her at last unto bliss to win !

For what better bait can the Devil fling
For a woman's soul, than the love of a King ?

Heaven rest her soul, and shield us all,
And aid us to stand, and not to fall !

And Mary Mother give us to rest
At last in bliss with the Saints so blest !

THE ARMADA.

A COMPLETION OF LORD MACAULAY'S FRAGMENT UNDER THE SAME TITLE.

THAT night in Plymouth harbour there were song, yo-ho and shout
As to sea, against the shoreward wind, Drake warped his war-ships out ;
Round rang the creaking capstans and, as the anchors swung,
No words of fear, but merry cheer and jests were on each tongue,
And fast aboard the powder and heaps of shot were rowed,
And deep the beef-casks and the bread with rough sea jokes were stowed,
And many a tale of torture wrought by Rome and hell was told
As they hoisted high the stores on deck or swung them down the hold,

And as out swept ship on ship, at the windlass as they cheered,
They minded how in Cadiz bay they'd singed the Spaniard's beard ;
With a will those stout arms seaward, the ships of England, strained ;
Before the break of Saturday, but few in port remained ;
Before the dawn of Saturday, before a sou'west breeze
Full sixty sail towards the foe were sailing o'er the seas ;
Through mist and drizzling rain they drove and by noon that July day
Eastward before them, seven long miles, the Armada stretched away.

There rode the fleet Invincible that towards each English home
Bore the slaughterers of Antwerp's saints, the chains and racks of Rome ;
Woe to thy daughters, England, to thy babes and grey-haired, woe,
If Philip's mercy, Parma's ruth, thy stately towns shall know !
Woe for the hour that in his power thy stately London sees,
His power who hardened Alva's heart and loosed the swords of Guise !
Each towering galleon is filled with hate that never tires
To wake the shrieks of tortured saints, to light the martyrs' fires ;
Remember how cursed Bonner, Spain's work, within thee wrought ;

Let Cranmer's pile and Ridley's flames to-day be in thy thought ;
If faint this hour be thy stout heart, if thy arm smite in vain,
Worse than thy bloody Mary's days, shall be thy days again ;
Let the shrieks of reeking Paris, let Zutphen's moaning woe
Tell the doom the Jesuit dooms thee to, the fate thy land shall know ;
With saint, and Pope-blessed standard each castled galleasse comes,
With the blare of Spanish trumpets and the roll of Romish drums ;
There swings the Pagan censer, there the mass's chant they raise,
And gloat the while o'er pile on pile in Smithfield soon to blaze ;
Shall the Lord not shield His people and wall His faithful round !
O Lord, for Thine own glory, Thy foes and ours confound !
Let the nations see this day once more Thy wonders wrought of old
For the people Thou hast chosen, for the faithful of Thy fold !

They came, as to a triumph, gilt and tapestried ; with boast
And vaunt they could but scatter us, they rode along the coast ;
In a huge and mighty crescent, dim through the mist, they loomed,
And they looked on England's pigmy craft as to destruction doomed ;

Goliaths, on they came to us with scoffs upon their tongue ;
Down from their lofty bulwarks, on us, their scorn they flung :
But, like the blessèd David, their mightiness we saw
With trust in God the Lord, our strength, and scarce a thought of awe ;
What though with hosts of Princes they laboured o'er the flood,
With many a famous Bastard of many a royal blood,
Though pike and lance from every land were there with cruel joy,
To bind our sovereign Queen in chains, our nobles to destroy,
Amongst us there were those who had met them without fear
In breach and mine, on dyke and plain with Norris and De Vere,
Who, over-matched, undaunted, had fought them far away
In the Minion and the Judith, in St. Jean d'Ulloa's bay,
Who many a laden carrack had lightened, spite of Spain,
Of bar, doubloon and crucifix upon the Spanish Main,
Who but a year ago had put their mighty king to shame
And given in Cadiz harbour his hundred sail to flame,
Had blocked his royal Tagus and made his Santa Cruz,
Lepanto's Iron Marquis, their offered fight refuse ;

Through high and low unquailing, the blood of England ran,
The fear that only feared its God but knew no fear of man ;
And they, so stout for Queen and God, by valiant ones were led
Who for faith and fame and plunder, in many a fight had bled ;
From the masts of the Ark Royal blew England's standard fair,
And with the Lord High Admiral, was dauntless Raleigh there,
And in the Triumph, Frobisher came crowding to the fray,
As stout as when through seas of ice he sought for far Cathay :
And, in the Victory, Hawkins, safe from their perjured wiles
That strove his barks to capture amongst the Western Isles,
And there was he who, ere his sails in Plymouth port were furled,
Had swept their Southern sea and cut a furrow round the world ;
Well we knew the stout Revenge his mark amongst the first would make,
The stout Revenge that led the van with Devon's famous Drake ;
And there the Golden Lion bore Sheffield on to fame,
And the White Bear brought another of the Howard's famous name,
And Fenner in the Nonpareil and Fenton in the Rose
Came thronging with the foremost to seize their share of blows ;

What wonder if they feared not ought when, crowding o'er the seas,
Came England's fearless sea-dogs there with captains such as these,
What marvel if, to triumph there, they thronged with fierce delight,
If but with thought of victory they gathered to the fight !

And hour on hour, in boat and sloop, came speeding from the shore,
In haste to play their valiant parts, unnumbered brave hearts more ;
The sons of famous fathers, they came with courage true
To prove them worthy of the blood from mighty sires they drew ;
From many an inland castle and hall and grange they came,
Afire they came to strike with all for Queen and land and fame ;
From every creek and Devon stream came squire and noble forth
With Oxford and with Hatton and the great Earls of the North ;
And many a soft-tongued courtier the great Queen's smiles forsook
And stole to us with Willoughby, with Cecil and with Brooke ;
Theirs were no hearts for soft delights and quiet homes that day ;
Small love had those at parting who had counselled them to stay ;
With hearts aflame for battle, they swarmed from out the coast,
With merry hearts to dare with us the game they loved the most.

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Shout, for the Lord hath triumphed ! sing praises to our God,
Who hath put to scorn the scorner and on the proud hath trod ;
To His name be the glory, the praise to Him alone
Whose hand hath given the victory and triumph to His own ;
Let His servants sing His greatness ! let His faithful tell His praise
Who hath fought and conquered with us through the twelve all-famous days,
The twelve all-famous days of fight whose deeds shall aye be told
While our sons, their fathers' freedom, our sons their pure faith hold ;
Weak is our strength and faint our heart unless He make them strong ;
He giveth conquest to the right ; He smiteth down the wrong.
From Him the hearts of captains are stout for high emprise ;
From Him are boldness to the bold and wisdom to the wise ;
Where now are Philip's galleons ! where be Spain's vaunted hosts !
He gave them to us as a prey ; He dashed them on our coasts ;
They came to fetter and to slay, but as He gave to death
Assyria's swarming hosts of old, they melted in His breath ;
He blew ; His winds came forth for us ; for us His storms arose ;
For us the black rocks shattered them ; the billows whelmed our foes ;

Therefore to-day, O London, to Him thy psalms are sung
And unto His great glory with wreaths thy homes are hung ;
Hang, hang with pictured tapestries thy every gladsome street,
And be each shop and Hall and Mart to-day with garlands sweet !
Well may the roar of triumph be thundered from thy tower !
Well may thy thousand steeples clash forth their joy this hour !
Well in this hour of triumph each window may be green,
Each window filled with gazers to gaze upon our Queen,
Our Queen who comes in triumph, who rides in state to-day
Her offerings of thanksgivings before her Lord to lay ;
To-day in glad thanksgiving before His throne she falls ;
To-day she leads her people's praise to Him within St. Paul's ;
Well may the Strand and Cheap be lined with all the City's pride !
Well, through its marshalled Guilds, arow her counsellors may ride !
And glad may be her nobles' hearts to wend through that array
Of all her liveried Companies so gay of garb to-day ;
Strew, strew, fair maids of London, with blossoms strew each street,
That shall glad to feel the stately tread of her cream-white coursers' feet,

And proudly blow ye trumpets, our triumph shrilly blow,
As, in her pillared chariot, our Lion-Queen shall go,
Not hers a spirit, faint with fear, at martial blare to start ;
More than a king's great courage beats in her unquailing heart ;
She rides as through the shouting ranks of Tilbury she past
With words that stirred her soldiers' bloods as with a trumpet blast,
When, grasping fierce her truncheon, with bold, unfearing eye,
She told her people that for God and them she'd dare to die,
That she spite of her woman's heart, their general, were there need,
To victory 'gainst the vaunting foe their conquering ranks would lead.
Not for such kingly ruler, O Philip, is thy doom,
The fetter and the dungeon, the scaffold, axe and tomb ;
By monk and Jesuit hated, by the Stuart's rage abhorred,
God hath shielded her from plot and snare, from dagger and from sword ;
And now His hand hath lifted from her eyes the gloom of night,
And the morning of the future is bright before her sight ;
The starless gloom has lifted, the dread has passed away,
And for the fear and darkness, for her are joy and day ;

Heap up your bonfires, 'prentices ; pile log and fagot high ;
To-night, in every shouting ward, your fires shall light the sky ;
To-night, shall many a barrel redly blaze on sign and wall,
From the Barbican and Aldgate, to Southwark and Whitehall,
Dress up your red-legged Cardinals, in mitre, stole and cope ;
Let them dance above the dancing flames on halters with the Pope,
To-night, with jeer and scoff, let them roast before our gaze,
Till 'mid cheer and yell, in sparks, at last they fall amid the blaze ;
For well may London's casements be glad with lights to-night ;
No more the thought of Haarlem's fate her matrons' dreams shall fright.
No more her shuddering maidens shall pale in dread again,
At all the woe that were their doom, the prey of bloody Spain ;
Afar the baffled spoilers and their Farneze curse the loss
Of the days they counted surely should see them safely cross ;
Ho ! Parma, are thy companies still lingering on the shore !
Where be the mighty victors that shall guard them safely o'er !
Are Dunkirk's transports ready ? are thy Walloons afloat ?
Are horse and horseman safe aboard of Nieuport's many a boat !

We have heard of all thy labours, how toilsome thou hast been,
What stores thou hast of ordnance, of cask and of fascine ;
Art thou still watched from Kleyenburg ! are Zealand's sea-dogs near !
Dar'st thou not yet to venture forth to waft thy bloodhounds here !
Ho ! art thou looking westward, as thou didst look of late !
Long, long, methinks, for the Golden Duke, to free thee, thou shalt wait ;
Methinks the Fleet Invincible thou wilt not gaze on soon,
Unless the waves, around thy feet, its scattered wrecks have strewn ;
Northward to cliff and boiling rock it reels by tempests driven,
It flies the wrath of man ; it feels the scourging wrath of heaven ;
For it the rocks of Norway, the cliffs of Scotland wait ;
Full few shall 'scape to Philip's ears to tell its fearful fate ;
Within the hushed Escorial, he waiteth to be told
That the tiger hath his prey, that the wolf is in the fold ;
Let him hear how God hath judged him ; that he shall look in vain
For his thousands sent to conquer, for his nobles that are slain ;
That his toils and mighty treasures of years have only borne
For him the bitter harvest of foul defeat and scorn,

That the mighty fleet with vauntings be sent undoubting forth
Has heaped the shoals of Holland, the headlands of the North,
That many a flaunting standard that made its galleons gay,
Borne, streaming through our shouting streets, shall deck St. Paul's to-day.
O long shall be the sorrow, and wild the weeping mid
The sunny homes of Lisbon and the mansions of Madrid,
And when its doom of shame and death is told to distant ears,
Full many a dame of Italy will blind herself with tears ;
Ho ! tonsured monks ! Ho ! shavelings, that count your dull beads o'er,
Is not the Lord's hand heavy ! has He not smitten sore !
Despite of curse, anathema, of Romish ban and bull,
Look how the Lord with blessings hath filled His chosen full !
Where be your gods of wood and stone, the idols that ye paint !
What shield against our conquering shot were chapel, cross, and saint !
Hath He not judged betwixt us who cry to Him alone
And ye who, like the heathen, bow down to senseless stone !
Oh be our hearts made thankful His goodness to adore,
That, as this day He shielded us, He shield us evermore !

MARSTON MOOR.

HOT Rupert came spurring to Marston Moor ;

Praise we the Lord !

Came spurring hard with thousands a score ;

Praise we the Lord !

Beleagured York, that we lay before,

He knew would be ours ere a week was o'er,

So to scatter our hosts he fiercely swore.

To the Lord our God be glory !

To Newcastle's succour he swore to come ;

Praise we the Lord !

And at morning we heard his march's hum ;

Praise we the Lord !

And with blare of trumpet and roll of drum,

Into York, in their pride, did the scorers come ;

But to-night are the cursing lips not dumb ?

To the Lord our God be glory !

God gave them to drink of pride, we knew ;

Praise we the Lord !

That His saints His wrath on their hosts might do ;

Praise we the Lord !

He bade us flee, that they might pursue,

So, from trench and leaguer, straight off we drew,

But we halted on Marston Moor anew ;

To the Lord our God be glory !

There, biding pursuit, stood our long array,

Praise we the Lord !

While slow hours came and passed away ;

Praise we the Lord !

“ They will not come to the strife to-day,”

We said, and southwards our march then lay,

But the Lord had doomed them that hour our prey ;

To the Lord our God be glory !

But Leslie's regiments had left the ground,

Praise we the Lord !

When the fierce Prince bade his trumpets sound ;

Praise we the Lord !

Then was spurring and running and fronts faced round,

Upon us they came, with the burst and sound

Of tempests, but ready His own they found ;

To the Lord our God be glory !

Then the shot of their guns through our stilled ranks tore ;

Praise we the Lord !

'Then a pause and a hush fell on the war ;

Praise we the Lord !

Then their squadrons thickened, and down once more

Came Rupert and Hell with a rush and a roar,

More fierce and fell than they came before ;

To the Lord our God be glory !

With Leslie and Fairfax the saints were few ;

Praise we the Lord !

Not theirs the hearts that our God well knew ;

Praise we the Lord !

Vessels uncleansed, what could they do ?

The godless have ridden them through and through ;

The accurs'd slay and slay and pursue ;

To the Lord our God be glory !

Not so, O Lord, was it with thine own ;

Praise we the Lord !

To us were Thy truth and mercy shown ;

Praise we the Lord !

Through our closed-up ranks were our trumpets blown ;

Then no shout, but a deep psalm rose alone,

And we knew that our God would His might make known.

To His Holy Name be glory !

And Cromwell, His servant, spoke the word ;

Praise we the Lord !

“ On ! smite for the Lord ! spare not ! ” we heard ;

Praise we the Lord !

Hotly our spirits within us stirred ;

Reins were loosened and flanks were spurred,

And the heathen went down before God and His word.

To His name alone be the glory !

Lo, the bow of the Lord was strung this day ;

Praise we the Lord !

And the arm of our God was strong to slay ;

Praise we the Lord !

He gave us the proud ones for a prey ;

He chased the mighty from out our way ;

He gave us the high ones, low, to lay.

To the Lord alone be the glory !

Where are ye, ye noble and ye proud ?

Praise we the Lord !

Where are ye who cried 'gainst His saints aloud ?

Praise we the Lord !

The great of the earth in death are bowed ;

They who vaunted their strength His breath has cowed ;

Bloody they lie, where the kite screams loud.

To the Lord our God be glory !

Lo, the Lord our helper, hath heard our cries ;

Praise we the Lord !

He hath raised the foolish and shamed the wise ;

Praise we the Lord !

In Him, our rock and our sure hope lies ;

To Him shall the cry of His servants rise ;

Woe to them who His chosen dare despise !

To the Lord our God be glory !

Ho ! Baal-priests, did we cry in vain ?

Praise we the Lord !

He shall break ye, ye sons of Dagon, again ;

Praise we the Lord !

He shall winnow the chaff from the priceless grain ;

He shall skim the pot till no dross remain ;

And the Lord our God and His saints shall reign !

To the Lord alone be glory !

OLD BENBOW.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Boys, I'll give you a song, about one that's gone long,

One that all true good salts should know ;

For no braver a one ever stood to a gun,

Than my hero, old bold Benbow.

Though many a name has a better-known fame,

I think 'tis a shame 'tis so !

So fill the can, men, and I'll sing to you then,

The deeds of old bold Benbow.

A clipper was Drake, and a devil was Blake ;
 Stout Duncan, Mynheer knew well ;
 Of Rodney and Hawke, your Frenchmen don't talk,
 And of Howe's deeds we're proud to tell.
 Of Cochrane the bold, you've often been told,
 Of Jervis's pluck, all know ;
 But Nelson himself should be laid on the shelf,
 As soon as old bold Benbow.

He couldn't boast birth, but you'll see he was worth
 A score of the dons who could,
 Fine fair-weather men, they were nowhere when Ben
 Alone through the Frenchmen stood.
 They may make a fine fuss of their high blood to us,
 But we that know it's often so
 That our holdest have past from before the mast
 To glory, like old Benbow.

He was left in the lurch ; he was out in search
Of Du Casse, whom he long had sought ;
Through the West Indy Isles he had chased them for miles,
And the skulkers at last he'd caught.
His turn, it was come : they were big ones, some,
Ten sail, and, says he, " We'll show
" Mounseer the way to Spithead to-day ;
" Won't we, lads ? " says old bold Benbow.

So he flung out the sign to bear down on their line,
But we'd only six sail, d'you see ;
And our captains were nobs, and hot work such fine snobs
Thought, with them, wouldn't quite agree ;
They funk'd ; when they found he'd fight, they wore round ;
How he swore when he saw them go !
" But we don't go, my men, though we're one to ten ;
" No, we'll fight them," said bold Benbow.

So he left all behind, and before the wind,

Right into the ten he went ;

Then one Captain took shame, and after him came ;

Real work, men, the old dog meant.

At their Admiral's side, hard to board he tried ;

At a first-rate he then let go,

And no more heard that day of her ; 'twas his way ;

So he served them, did old Benbow.

.

The work was too warm to last long ; one arm

Was gone ; a shot tore his head ;

A cannon-ball then took his right leg, " My men,

" Bring a cradle on deck ! " he said ;

While life was in him, and his ship would but swim,

He scorned, lads, to go below.

' If I die boys," says he, " never mind, d'you see ;

" Fight it out ! " says our bold Benbow.

To his four ships in sight, he still signalled on, "fight,"

But they weren't of the fighting stuff ;

So they left Ben alone to swear and to groan,

Till Mounseer found they'd had enough.

And so struck was he with old Ben, d'you see,

That a letter he sent ; 'twas so ;

"Had your Captains but fought as the cursed cowards ought

"You'd have took me, Mounseer Benbow.

"You'll hang them I hope ; they deserve well the rope."

And Du Casse's hint wasn't forgot ;

He thought 'twas but right ; so in all the fleet's sight,

On his deck they were tried and shot.

"I've but one leg ; by heaven, but," says he, "I'd have given

"That to save us this shame, I know."

Oh, he'd all Nelson's pluck ; though he hadn't his luck ;

So here's, glory to old Benbow.

Well, old walls of oak have become just a joke ;

And in tea-kettles we're to fight ;

It seems a queer dream, all this iron and steam,

But, I daresay, my lads, it's right.

But whether we float in ship or in boat,

In iron or oak, we know,

For old England's right, we've hearts that will fight,

As of old did the brave Benbow.

UFTON COURT.

DIVE, dive, O swallow, dart and dive !

Your joy is changeless, but ours, how short !

So whispers this long-lost home to me,

My boyhood's dwelling of Ufton Court.

O weedy terrace ! O silent walks !

O echoing porch ! O waters green !

For forty years where the palm-tree waves,

Not such have my dreams of Ufton been !

Not so I saw you in that old time

When love, it struggled, but pride, it won,

When, choked with passion, I left you last,

For the march and camp 'neath an Indian sun.

Not so I saw you, when on our line

The Pindarees' wild horse came down ;

Not so, 'mid the yell of the roaring breach,

When we storm'd red Bhurtpore's cloven town.

No, all unchanged, in those eastern dreams,

Your fountain leap'd, and your broad elms swung,

And with one soft laugh, that ever I heard,

With gladness and music, your chambers rung.

The oak is green, and the linnet sings

As sweet a song as ever it sung ;

But where is the voice that warbled here

A sweeter music when I was young ?

Soft falls the sunlight as then it fell,
On gable, and casement, and garden-wall ;
But where is she, to my boyish heart
Who made the gladness of Ufton Hall ?

“ Or you or I should go,” they said,
“ Or you be homeless, or I depart.”
Strange lands they thrust between our love,
But never they thrust us heart from heart !

A differing faith our fathers held ;
A differing faith we from them drew ;
My curse be on the ancient jars
That help'd to part me, love, from you !

My curse be on the bigot hate
That bann'd thy rites, O ancient Hall,
And hunted forth thy outlaw'd priests
From passaged roof and hollow'd wall !

“ A boyish passion, a girlish love,

“ Let other faces our fancies fill.”

Little they thought would my hair be white,

And her smile in my heart be lonely still.

For forty Springs have your thorn-trees bloom'd,

For forty Autumns your oaks been gold,

Yet the sight of your rising chimneys shook

My blood, as it thrill'd its throbs of old.

Yet ah ! how little, as children here,

When these same garden-walks we paced,

We thought that the love we then scarce knew,

They fain would have from our hearts effaced.

Effaced ! Our names on the beech then cut,

The beech with years may at last resign,

But never a change my love could know,

And never a change could come to thine.

Ah, well I mind me of that sweet hour

When conscious love to your eyes first came,
No, never I knew their depths to leave,

Or shown or hidden, till death the same.

O hazel eyes, 'mid your soft brown curls,

Fain, fain had hidden them, land and sea !
But ever they lived before my thought,
And ever they look'd their love to me.

For ever they gazed with that parting look

That sware a love that must endure,
The love of the heiress of Ufton Court
For me, her cousin, scorn'd and poor.

Yet never a breath of that sweet love.

Or word or letter to me might bear ;
Too keen was that mother's cold, proud watch,
But, utter'd or not, that love was there.

Ay, long they pray'd her to wed the Earl,

And long they scoff'd at her idle gloom ;

But changeless stole she away from youth,

Stole she unto her early tomb.

And therefore, well, to my aged thoughts,

It seems that, heirless, to stranger hands,

From those who wither'd our joy to grief,

Should pass, old Court, thy hall and lands.

And now, at length, that I look once more,

Old home, on thee, decay thy fate,

On thee, I say, let the curse work on,

Of the hearts thy pride made desolate..

THE FALSE ALARM.

1805.

A VOLUNTEER BALLAD.

ON they lit the fire on Home Castle,
And men you can understand
How, from hill to hill and heart to heart,
The flame leapt through the land.

They lit the fire on Home Castle,
And all the border through,
In town and vale, on moor and hill,
Full shrill the bugles blew.

For the Frenchmen lay around Boulogne ;

We heard their gathering hum,

And we watched and waited for the day,

Their cursèd hosts would come.

As a hundred beacons flared that night,

There were arming, stir and din,

And fast, from far, to port and shore,

The Border gathered in.

On fifty cliffs the flame leapt up,

And all the Border side,

With fiery hearts and bloody spurs,

Towards the beacons ride.

Oh Roxburghshire rose well that day,

Nor Berwick spared its breath,

Nor Selkirk drew rein for thirty miles

Till they rode into Dalkeith.

Far west is bonny Liddesdale,
But no time her troopers lost ;
By noon, full forty miles away,
Each man was at his post.

And Kelso heard the Teviot men
Play, spurring towards the sea,
“ Oh, my name it is little Jock Elliot, boys,
“And who dare meddle with me?”

The widow sent her only son,
Nor at home would have him bide,
And the new-wed wife sped her husband off,
That night from her loving side.

Oh, had the Frenchmen come that day,
They'd have found the Border true
To its old renown, and felt full well,
What Scots can dare and do.

And if the foe should come to-day,
As at times they dare to threat,
They'll find the fire that rose that night
In our hearts is burning yet.

They'll find our Rifles, England through,
As quick to rise and arm
As the Border was that wintry night,
That night of "The False Alarm."

-

TRAFALGAR.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

TUNE—"The Bay of Biscay."

NORTH-WEST the wind was blowing,
Our good ships running free ;
Seven leagues lay Cape Trafalgar
Away upon our lee ;
'Twas then, as broke the morning,
The Frenchmen we descried,
East away, there they lay,
That day that Nelson died.

That was a sight to see, boys,
On which that morning shone !
We counted three-and-thirty,
Mounseer and stately Don ;
And plain their great three-deckers
Amongst them we descried,
“ Safe,” we said, “ for Spithead,”
That day that Nelson died.

Then Nelson spoke to Hardy,
Upon his face the smile,
The very look he wore when
We beat them at the Nile !
“ We must have twenty, Hardy,”
’Twas thus the hero cried ;
And we had twenty, lad,
That day that Nelson died !

Up went his latest signal ;

Ay, well, my boys, he knew

That not a man among us

But would his duty do !

And as the signal flew, boys,

With shouts each crew replied ;

How we cheered as we neared

The foe, when Nelson died !

We led the weather column,

But Collingwood, ahead,

A mile from all, the lee line,

Right through the Frenchmen, led ;

“ And what would Nelson give to

Be here with us !” he cried,

As he bore through their roar,

That day that Nelson died.

Well, on the "Victory" stood, boys,
With every sail full spread,
And as we neared them slowly,
There was but little said ;
There were thoughts of home amongst us,
And as their line we eyed,
Here and there, perhaps, a prayer,
That day that Nelson died.

A gun, the "Bucentaure" first
Began with us the game ;
Another, then their broadsides
From all sides through us came ;
With men fast falling round us,
While not a gun replied,
With sails rent, on we went,
That day that Nelson died.

“ Steer for their admiral’s flag, boys !”

But where it flew none knew ;

“ Then make for that four-decker,”

Said Nelson, “ men, she’ll do !”

So, at their “ Trinidad,”

To get we straightway tried,

As we broke through their smoke,

That day that Nelson died.

’Twas where they clustered thickest

That through their line we broke,

And to their “ Bucentaure” first

Our thundering broadside spoke.

We shaved her ; as our shot, boys,

Crashed through her shattered side ;

She could feel how to heel,

That day that Nelson died.

Into the Dons' four-decker
 Our larboard broadsides pour,
 Though all we well could spare her
 Went to the "Bucentaure."
 Locked to another Frenchman,
 Our starboard fire we plied,
 Gun to gun till we won,
 That day that Nelson died.

"Redoutable" they called her,
 A curse upon her name!
 'Twas from her tops, the bullet
 That killed our hero came,
 As from the deck, with Hardy,
 The bloody fight he eyed,
 And could hear cheer on cheer,
 As they struck, that day he died.

“ They’ve done for me at last, friend !”

’Twas thus they heard him say,

“ But I die as I would die, boys,

“ Upon this glorious day ;

“ I’ve done my duty, Hardy !”

He cried, and still he cried,

As below, sad and slow,

We bore him, as he died.

On wounded and on dying

The cockpit’s lamp shone dim ;

But many a groan we heard, lads,

Less for themselves than him :

And many a one among them,

Had given, and scarcely sighed,

A limb to save him

Who there in glory died.

As slowly life ebbed from him,

His thoughts were still the same ;

“ How many have we now, boys ? ”

Still faint and fainter came.

As ship on ship struck to us,

His glazing eyes with pride,

As it seemed, flashed and gleamed,

As he knew he conquering died.

We beat them, how, you know, boys,

Yet many an eye was dim,

And when we talked of triumph,

We only thought of him.

And still, though fifty years, boys,

Have gone, who, without pride,

Names his name, tells his fame,

Who at Trafalgar died !

THE DEEDS OF WELLINGTON.

Ay, many a year I followed him
Whose course of glory's run ;
Draw round me friends, I'll tell you where
I fought with Wellington,
For I was one who served with him
Through all his fields in Spain ;
Ah, friends, his like we ne'er have seen,
Nor yet shall see again !

And well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

From India first we heard his fame ;

I was not with him there,

But how he beat them at Assaye,

Old soldiers can declare.

Of his wild dash at Doondiah's horse

I've often heard them tell ;

Where there was fighting to be done,

Be sure he did it well.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

'Tis nearly fifty years since then,
Yet well I mind the day
When our first march we made with him
To where the Frenchmen lay ;
Upon the heights of Roliça,
Laborde fought long and well ;
We beat him ; how we beat Junot,
Vimiero's field can tell.
Oh, well may England honour him !
Till all earth's days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did,
The deeds of Wellington.

They lost ; we won, and that was all ;
Pshaw ! blunderers crossed our way ;
Sir Hugh, Sir Harry saved Junot,
And flung that work away.

But soon our General led us on,
 Unchecked by such as these,
And then we chased their eagles back
 Across the Pyrenees.
 Oh, well may England honour him !
 Till all earth's days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did,
 The deeds of Wellington

Behind the Douro, Soult lay—safe ?
 Why, in his face, 'twas forced !
“ Ha ! Ha ! ” he laughed, and watched us come,
 And while he laughed, we crossed ;
We saw their backs ; and that same year,
 At Talavera, plain
We showed their Victor that we came
 To see their backs again.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

Retreat came next. What? did we fly?

No! On Busaco's height

We turned, and taught their Massena

We little thought of flight;

A month at Torres Vedras' lines

We let the Marshal lie,

He chafed and fumed, and then, at last,

He learned what 'twas to fly.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

They foiled us once at Badajos ;

Good Lord ! that work was warm !

It makes one white, to think of, now,

The night we tried to storm.

But its time came ; in that curs'd breach,

By Heaven ! the French fought well,

But on through blood and fire we went ;

In yells and shrieks, it fell.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

I swear it warms my blood again,

Although my hair is grey,

To think of how we beat Marmont

On Salamanca's day ;

And 'twas a sight to see, my friends,
When our great captain, 'mid
The rescued city's tears and shouts,
Rode into freed Madrid.
Oh, well may England honour him !
Till all earth's days are done,
The world shall tell the deeds he did,
The deeds of Wellington.

Somehow, at Burgos we were checked ;
At times the greatest are ;
One failure he could well afford ;
'Twas there I got this scar.
A winter more, and then for France
We marched ; he knew it well,
And, rising in his stirrups, cried,
" To Portugal, farewell."

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall tell the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

For France ! for France ! but, hold, good sirs,

King Joseph stopped us here ;

Well, red Vittoria swept our path,

And left the roadway clear.

And, long before November passed,

We rolled back Soult's advance,

We poured through St. Sebastian's breach

And trod the soil of France.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall tell the deeds he did

The deeds of Wellington.

We won Toulouse, and, winning that,

We heard that all was won ;

Seven weary years of war were gone ;

Our work and his was done.

We little thought he yet would meet

A greater than he'd met ;

We never dreamed he had to win

His sternest victory yet.

Oh, well may England honour him !

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did,

The deeds of Wellington.

But so it was ; a year passed by,

And, passing, proved it true ;

And I was with him once again

At far-famed Waterloo.

And I, I heard his "At them, men!"

When the Old Guard seemed to yield;

I shared in that last charge that swept

The French from his last field.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till all earth's days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he did, —

The deeds of Wellington.

And so they say that he was one,

Not made for love but fear,

A cold, stern man who stood alone:

All this I smile to hear.

Ask those that fought through that great war,

Bled, conquered, by his side,

And who'll not name his name with love,

And speak of him with pride!

Oh, well may England honour him !
Till all earth's days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did,
The deeds of Wellington.

I name his name to honour it ;
In glory let him rest ;
More than all other things I prize
This medal at my breast.
Why, friends ? Because it tells that I
Some honour bore away,
With him whom, with a people's grief,
St. Paul's receives to-day.

Oh, well may England honour him !
Till all earth's days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he did,
The deeds of Wellington.

THE DEATH-MARCH OF WELLINGTON.

“WHOM bear you thus with heavy tread,

“With arms reversed, and brows deprest?”

“Comrade, we bear the mighty dead

“In glory to his place of rest.

“A nation throngs the city’s ways,

“In grief for him whose race is run ;

“On, in dark state, beneath their gaze,

“Comrade, we bear great Wellington.”

March—slowly march ! Hark ! in the hush, I hear

Assaye’s hurrah, and Badajos’s cheer.

Yes, o'er him let the trumpet wail,
And round him roll your muffled drums ;
In this last hour, who now shall fail
In open grief for him who comes ?
Its solemn swell the Dead March pour,
In grief for him whose deeds are done ;
Grief, let the mighty cannon roar,
As on we bear great Wellington.

March—silent march ! Hark ! in the hush, I hear
Vittoria's shout, and Salamanca's cheer.

On—bear him on to where they sleep,
Our greatest, whom we name with pride ;
Lay him by Moore, in slumber deep ;
Lay him by Abercrombie's side.
Nay, place him by the only one
Who fixed, with him, red victory's smile !

Room for the dead, by him who won

For us Trafalgar and the Nile!

On—bear him on! Hark! in the hush, I hear

Toulouse's charge, and St. Sebastian's cheer.

Throw wide the doors; dust unto dust;

O'er him the yawning marble close;

Give him to death with trembling trust,

Calm in his last stern cold repose.

In reverent silence, in the gloom

Brooding beneath the mighty dome,

Conqueror, to share the conquered's doom,

Leave him to fame in his last home.

March—comrades, march! Hark! in the hush, I hear

Quatre Bras' hurrah, and Waterloo's fierce cheer.

GOD BLESS THE DEAR OLD LAND!

A SONG FOR AUSTRALIA.

A THOUSAND leagues below the line, 'neath southern stars and skies,
'Mid alien seas, the land that's ours, our own new England lies ;
From North to South, six thousand miles heave white with ocean foam
Between the old dear land we've left and this our new-found home ;
Yet what though oceans stretch between, though here this hour we stand !
Our hearts, thank God ! are English still ; God bless the dear old land !
"To England !" men, a bumper brim ; up, brothers, glass in hand !
"England !" I give you, "England !" boys ; " God bless the dear old land !"

To some we see around us here, it may be, she was stern ;
It may be, in her far-off fields they scarce their bread could earn ;
But though we thought our mother hard, we know now she was wise
To drive us out to this new land that every need supplies ;
We left her side with heavy hearts ; we hardly thought that then
We left her, soon with honest work to make us happy men ;
Then to her name a bumper brim ; up, brothers, glass in hand !
“ Our mother land ! ” here’s “ England ! ” boys ; “ God bless the dear old
land ! ”

And what though far she’s sent us from her side ! we love her yet ;
Her love we think of more and more ; her coldness we forget ;
As northwards faint her dim cliffs died, how clung our eyes to her !
Each league that thrust us farther off, the more her sons we were ;
And now our new land’s dear to us, dear as it is, we own
Yet dearer still is the old land, our native land alone ;

Then to her name a bumper brim ! up, brothers, glass in hand !

“ Our native land ! ” here’s “ England ! ” boys ; “ God bless the dear old land ! ”

It may be she would call us back, back to her side again,

And bid us bring the wealth to her we’ve won beyond the main ;

Sweet it would be her fields to see ; but, dear to me and you,

Although the far old home may be, dear too we’ll make the new ;

True to the land we’re treading, boys, that’s now our own, we’ll be,

Howe’er our hearts may yearn to her, our mother o’er the sea ;

We’ve love for both ; we’re proud of both ; but up, men, glass in hand !

Here’s “ England—she that gave us birth ! God bless the dear old land ! ”

O what a greatness she makes ours ! her past is all our own,

And such a past as she can boast, and, brothers, she alone ;

Her mighty ones the night of time triumphant shining through,

Of them our sons shall proudly say, “ They were our fathers too ; ”

For us her living glory shines that has through ages shone ;
Let's match it with a kindred blaze, through ages to live on ;
Thank God ! her great free tongue is ours ; up, brothers, glass in hand !
Here's " England, freedom's boast and ours ! God bless the dear old land ! "

For us, from priests and kings she won rights of such priceless worth
As make the races from her sprung, the freemen of the earth ;
Free faith, free thought, free speech, free laws, she won through bitter
 strife,

That we might breathe unfetter'd air and live unshackled life ;
Her freedom, boys, thank God ! is ours, and little need she fear,
That we'll allow a right she's given to die or wither here ;
Free-born, to her who made us free, up, brothers, glass in hand !
" Hope of the free," here's " England ! " boys ; " God bless the dear old
 land ! "

They say that dangers cloud her way, that despots lour and threat ;
What matters that ? her mighty arm can smite and conquer yet ;

Let Europe's tyrants all combine, she'll meet them with a smile ;
Hers are Trafalgar's broadsides still, the hearts that won the Nile ;
We are but young ; we're growing fast ; but with what loving pride,
In danger's hour, to front the storm, we'll range us at her side ;
We'll pay the debt we owe her then ; up, brothers, glass in hand !
“ May God confound her enemies ! God bless the dear old land ! ”

THE LUCK OF EDEN HALL.

A PRAYER TO THE PEOPLE.

SONG, that all wondrous things can save,

Tells how, of old, to Eden's lord

A magic gift the fairies gave,

Some kindly action's rich reward ;

A crystal cup, that, safe, no ill

Should unto Eden's race befall ;

Theirs should be every blessing still,

While theirs the Luck of Eden Hall.

O, lords of Eden, treasure up

The fairies' gift, your magic cup !

Lands, state and reverence, courage, power,
Wealth that no wildest waste impairs,
Health, genius, every good's their dower,
While the good fairies' gift is theirs.
But let a rash or faithless hand
The magic blessing once let fall,
Lost shall be power, and wealth, and land,
Lost with the Luck of Eden Hall.
O, race of Eden, treasure up
The fairies' gift, your magic cup !

O truth, in olden fiction told !
O England, heed the lesson well ;
A precious truth this tale of old,
To ears that heed it, still should tell ;
Unto thy trust a gift, how rare !
By gracious Providence is given ;

O, of that priceless gift take care,
Freedom, that priceless gift of heaven !
O, land of freemen, treasure up,
Freedom, God's gift, thy magic cup !

Since thou hast had it, time can tell
How every blessing has been yours ;
Still dost thou prize thy treasure well ;
See how thy greatness still endures !
Matchless the race that in thee dwells ;
Thy sails are white on every sea ;
To wondering nations, glory tells
Of all possessed and done by thee.
O, land of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift, thy magic cup !

Hark ! through the troubled earth, resounds
The strife for rights thy sons have here ;

Whilst peace abides within thy bounds,
And wisdom rules thee, free from fear.
Envious, thy state the nations see,
By tyrants gagged, by priests oppressed ;
O race, so great because so free,
How blessed are you with freedom blessed !
O, race of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift, your magic cup !

Ah, prize it well ! O, my own land,
Let not the mocking nations see
This blessing, given to thy hand,
E'er held less dear than now by thee !
Still let this highest gift of God,
Thee, land, above the nations lift,
So shall thy future path be trod
Secure from ill, through this God's gift.
O, land of freemen, treasure up
God's priceless gift, thy magic cup

So in its weird strength shalt thou stand,

Rock-like amid the waves of ill ;

Thy conquering march through time, how grand !

Thy future ever grander still ;

But O, remember, in that hour

Thy hold is from thy treasure forced,

To weakness turns thy vaunted power,

With freedom's loss, shall all be lost.

O, race of freemen, treasure up

God's priceless gift, your magic cup !

ENGLAND.

O ENGLAND, awe of earth, how great art thou !
Mother of nations, filler of the lands
With freemen, free-born, who is like to thee,
Or hath been ? Egypt and the vanished rules
Of Asia swept the earth, but desert winds
That blasted races, and, death dealt, were gone,
Their records, ruins. Greece arose and lit
The dark with glory, but a falling-star,
How bright, how fleeting ! save that yet her thoughts,
Less mortal than her gods, illumine us still.

Rome came and saw and conquered, crushed and passed,
Smitten by freemen, she and all her slaves.
Gone are the thrones that the eternal sea
Heap'd riches on and empire, billows huge,
That rolled and roared, and burst upon her shores;
Tyre and the pomp of Sidon, Afric's boast,
Swart Carthage, Venice, and the ocean rules
Of Genoa and of Holland, all are gone.
Spain is the mock of nations once who shook
Even at the utterance of her iron name.
These and their glories are but muttered dreams
That by the past's dead lips are feebly told ;
But we endure, we, sceptred heirs of power,
Victory and empire, fated to endure,
Gathering fresh might and glory through all time.
Our glory is our safeguard. Walled we stand
With mighty memories, bucklered with bright fames ;
Our present still 'tis pillared on a past

That lifts it, glistening in time's marvelling gaze,
An awe and wonder to the trembling world.
Yes, were we aged, did our great life die out,
Were England palsied, as the nations are
That once knew greatness, phantoms of the past
Would rule earth for us, and the subject seas,
So long our tributaries, at the thought
Of what we have been, still would crouch and cringe
And fawn upon our footstool ; but, thank God !
Greatly we stand on greatness, rock-like, plant
Feet adamantine through the flow of time,
No muscle loosening ; ever widening still
Stretch the broad bases that uprear our strength,
And thrust us skywards ; the hot vines of Spain
Ripen beneath our shadow ; the green world
The barks of Palos bared to Europe's gaze,
That is our children's heritage ; the isles
That chafe the tropic billows feel our tread ;

Lo, other Englands gather in the South,
And 'neath the glare of India we tread out
The bloody wrath that writhes beneath our heel,
And shield the maddening nations from themselves.
Where is the earthly air that has not borne
The record of our glory? What far race
But, naming greatness, to its children tells
Foremost our triumphs, all the mighty names
That are our greatness? For what land on earth,
Sceptred or crownless, can bid glory count
Hero for hero with us, fame for fame?
Earth boasts one HOMER; we one yet more high,
SHAKESPEARE. If Florence hush her soul in awe,
Naming her DANTE, hell, and heaven's sweet air
Were breathed by MILTON. Who to wisdom taught
How to be wisest? BACON. NEWTON lived,
And God's dread secrets straight man wondering read,
And all the worlds revolved in ordered law.

WATT made the might of Nature's primal powers
Our toiling bondslaves. DRAKE and wandering Cook,
PARRY and PARK and all their fellows trod
Billow and land, and made them paths to man.
Look, knowledge lightens thought from land to land ;
That did our WHEATSTONE. Fame, to name our great,
Were weary ere the flaming roll were told,
And still she writes, what glories ! on the scroll,
Courage and wisdom kin to greatness gone,
Those that the blasting path to Lucknow trod,
And smote curst Delhi and its brood of hell,
HAVELOCK and LAWRENCE, names fit mates to those
Who broke the dusky ranks at Plassey first,
And far Assaye, and crushed Ameer and Sikh
At Meeanee and red Ferozeshah,
And crowned our brows with empire. Crecy's fame,
And mailed Poitiers' and Agincourt's had heirs
In Blenheim and Corunna, and the fields

Of WELLINGTON, Vittoria and its peers,
And the wild, earth-felt shock of Waterloo.
O ye old sea-kings, to whom your tossed decks
Were thrones to rule the lands from, from you sprung,
In us lives on your scorn of all that pales
Weakness, in us, your hunger of renown.
Sea-roamers, grapplers with the might of storms,
Stern trampers of the billows, fitting sons
To you were DRAKE and HAWKINS, and the hearts
That with fierce joy, for God and right, went forth
And wrapped the Armada, the Invincible,
In their red wrath, and whelmed it in the deep.
Brother to you was he whom our proud lips
Name proudly, BLAKE, who, many a bloody day,
Grappled with Dutch VAN TROMP, and thundered down
The broadsides of DE RUYTER. Kin to you,
O ye old Norse hearts, who dared look on death
And greet him loud if victory with him came,

Were later glories. From your fierce veins sprang
The fiery blood of ROOKE, who gave La Hogue
To glory, MONK and SHOVEL, BENBOW, HAWKE,
DUNCAN of Camperdown, HOWE, RODNEY, he
Who at St. Vincent thunder-calmed the winds,
And of him, mightiest, whose fierce voice of war
Nile and the Dane heard, crouching, he who gave
To us the ocean's rule at Trafalgar.

So triumph grows to triumph. From the fire
Of by-gone fames we light the glories up
That sun the present. Oh, should danger threat,
New vauntings front us, and the shock of war,
In the red smoke of battle shall we feel
The awful presence of our living dead,
Steeling our hearts to conquer. Hellas heard,
At Marathon, and Salamis, heard clear
The roar of Ares, and the hero shout
Of Ajax pouring flight amid her foe.

The stern dead DOUGLAS won at Otterbourne ;
So WELLINGTON our charging ranks shall hurl
Through future triumphs ; through all coming time
Shall foes' masts crash and struck flags flutter down,
We conquering in the thought we can but win
Whose blood is NELSON'S. Nor is fame alone
The bulwark of our greatness. Strong we stand
In surer strength that fates us not to fall ;
For we have breathed the breath that knows not death,
Hers in whose might we dread not the decay
That palsies nations. At the mighty breast
Of Freedom were we nurtured. At her knee
Have we drunk in the mighty lore that gives
To nations immortality and youth
Eternal. To our hands she gave the spell
That masters monarchs. From her lips were caught
The charging cheer of Edgehill, and the shout
That at red Naseby scattered far her foes.

Strong in her strength, we strengthen, conquering
And still to conquer, while we do her will.

Us does she gift with wisdom. We are wise
In Courts and councils, all that builds up States,
And from the clash of thought do we shock out
Fit light to walk by, truths, by which we walk
More and more wisely ; but, O island home

Of freemen, thee a future beckons on,
Lit with a glory thou hast never known,
And great with greatness that for thee shall be.

Lo, thou hast walked in sunlight that is night
Seen by the radiance of that perfect day.

Then shall thy homes know wisdom. Not a hearth
But thou shalt ring with knowledge, as a right
Dealt to thy children, to thy sons reared up
Fitly, self-ruled, to share ungrudged, thy rule,
And walk the ways of greatness, wide to all.
Theirs shall be all the victories of peace,

The piercing eyes to whose all-fearless gaze
Nature gives up her secrets, Art reveals
Unrobed her beauties ; theirs the ears that hear
That voice divine that unto slavish ears
Speaks not, that breathing of the airs of heaven
That the high Muse's lips give forth through man.
Then, mighty mother, then thy eagle brood
All shalt thou train to front the cloudless sun
Of blasting glory with strong eyes that drink
Its glare unshrinking, scaling with strong wing
Height beyond giddy height of fame's bright air
To seats of gods and regions of the stars,
Where dwell the immortals wise in rule to man
And guidance godlike, there in light to dwell,
An awe of gladness to the eyes of earth.
O England, might that future now be thine !
Then shall the fulness of thy greatness be,
In war, in peace, the fulness of thy fame.

Then shall a race, how godlike ! walk thy ways,
Eating of fruit, forbidden now, the fruit
Of knowledge, making men like unto gods,
Knowing of good and evil, good, to embrace,
Ill, shun, that earth may liker grow to heaven,
That heaven's full blessedness on earth may be,
That the all-righteous reign of love may come,
Of right and peace, that wrong may be no more.

So great thou art ; so greater shalt thou grow,
Doing the will of Him who bade thee be
Foremost amongst the nations. Know thou right
And do it. Be thy future, as thy past,
Built to His glory. On His awful breath
Are rule and empire. At His word they rise,
They pass. So walk thou, that He be thy staff
In this thy journey onward, that thou be

The earthly shadow of His power and love,
His strength and mercy, that thou lead the earth
Unto His altar-steps in whom thou art,
Thy strength and succour, that the nations see
How great are they who surely trust in Him,
And know thee for the chosen of thy God.

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